

Binder: None

Folder: None

Title: Miscellaneous Correspondence and Song Texts provided
by Joseph Tusso to William Getz.

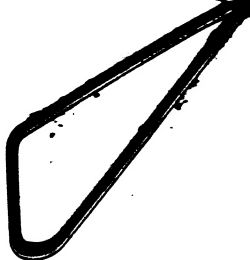
Author/Compiler: Joseph Tusso from various sources

Branch: Various

Units: Various

Source: Getz Collection

Notes. Joseph Tusso received songsheets ~~to~~ from multiple sources
and forwarded them to William Getz. Correspondence
to Joseph Tusso is attached.



*Done copy. copy
of book, 9.
Done in
#4.*

Professor Joseph Tusso
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Las Cruces, NM 88001

P.O.Box 268
Perry, FL 32347
20 May 81

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find copies of several old song sheets from various times in my career.

There was nothing I liked (and still do) than to stand around a piano bar with glass raised on high and sing away the old songs.

I suppose that you have copies of the songs that Bob Stevens had in his "MORE THERE I WAS" published in 1974. If not I would suggest that you contact Bob.

Also, as you are probaly are aware, Oscar Brand, the folk singer, recorded several volumes of military songs including ones on the Air Force.

If you are really going to do a job then I think you should contact the RAF people since so many of our songs came from them which in turn came from old English music hall tunes i.e. "Let's Have a Party"

Good luck to you and I hope you will send me a copy of your finished product. If I run across anything else, I will send them to you.

Sincerely yours,

Roy P. Whitton
ROY P. WHITTON

Colonel, USAFR (Ret)

originally Pvt Roy P. Whitton, U.S.Army Air Corps

LIGHTNINGS IN THE SKY

Oh, Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal,
And Madeleine Carroll is, too!
But you'll find, if you query, a different theory
Amongst any bomber crew.
For the loveliest thing of which one could sing
(This side of the heavenly gates)
Is no blonde or brunette of the Hollywood set--
But an escort of P-38's.

Yes, in days that have passed, when the tables were massed
With glasses of Scotch or champagne,
It's quite true that the sight was a thing to delight
Us, intent upon feeling no pain.
But no longer the same. Nowadays, in this game,
When we head north from Messina Straits,
Take the sparkling wine--every time just make mine,
An escort of P-38's.

Byron, Shelley and Keats ran a dozen dead heats
Describing the view from the hills,
Of the valleys in May when the winds gently sway
An army of bright daffodils.
Take the daffodils, Byron--the wild flowers, Shelley--
Yours is the myrtle, Friend Keats;
Just reserve me those cuties--American Beauties--
An escort of P-38's.

Sure, we're braver than hell; on the ground all is swell--
In the air it's a different story:
We sweat out our track through the fighters and flak;
We're willing to split up the glory.
Well, they wouldn't reject us, so Heaven protect us
And, until all this shooting abates,
Give us courage to fight'em and--one other small item--
An escort of P-38's.

--From "The Lockheed-Vega Star."

(The above was written by Tech. Sgt. Robert H. Bryson,
Radio Operator-Gunner, while on an unescorted mission
in a Flying Fortress over North Africa)

Tom Whelan

GRACIE

Her name was Gracie, one of the best,
The night I put her to the test;
She was so graceful and pretty and slim;
The night was dark and the lights were dim;
She was so graceful, so pretty and neat,
I knew I was in for a damn good treat;
I've seen her stripped and I've seen her bare,
I've felt her over every where;
The first time I tried her she screamed with joy,
But that was the first time and boy oh boy;
I got up just as quick as I could,
And I treated her gentle because I knew she was good;
I rolled her over, then on her side,
On her back I also tried;
She was a honey the best in the land,
She was an F-86 of the fighter command.

BEER BOTTLE

I grasped her 'round her slender neck,
She could not call or scream;
I took her to my dingy room,
Where we could not be seen;
I stripped her of her very wrays,
And gazed upon her form;
She was oh, so damp and cold,
And I was oh, so warm;
I raised her to my eager lips,
She could not make me stop;
I drained her of her very life,
I did not leave a drop;
I made her what she is to-day,
That's why you see her here;
An empty bottle thrown away,
That once was full of beer.

BRITISH FLYER'S BALLAD

I've got six pence,
Jolly, jolly six pence;
I've got six pence
To last me all my life;
I've got tuppence to spend,
And tuppence to lend;
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife;
No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me;
I'm happy as a King, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home;
Rolling home
Rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day when the airman gets his pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I flew the traffic pattern,
To me it looked all right;
But my instructor saw me,
By God I raked it tight:
The nose began to drop;
The engine began to wheeze;
Mayday: Mayday: Col. Spicer,
Spin instructions, please.

Chorus

Oh Hallelujah: oh hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the drum,
Save another drunken bum;
Oh hallelujah: oh hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be safe.

I went into the mess hall,
The food they say is fine;
The bread is tough as leather,
The milk like 'olins;
They called for a doctor,
They should have sent a hearse;
Glory, glory hallelujah sing another verse.

Chorus

I went into a spin,
The plane was going round;
I flew it straight and level,
Straight into the ground,
I got away so nicely my instructor's in a hearse,
Glory, glory hallelujah sing another verse.

Chorus

THE CHARTERMASTER'S SONG

For its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,
That makes me feel so frisky;
In the Corps, in the Corps;
For its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,
That makes me feel so frisky;
In the Army Air Corps.

CHORUS

My eyes are dim,
I cannot see;
I have not brought my specks with me,
I Have—No—not—No brought my specks with me;

For it's gin, gin, gin,
That makes me want to spin;
In the Corps, in the Corps,
For its gin, gin, gin,
That makes me want to sin,
In the Army Air Corps.

CHORUS

For it's wine, wine, wine,

For it's rum, rum, rum,

For it's beer, beer, beer,

CHORUS

HAIL TO THE CORPS

The Infantry, the Cavalry, the Field Artillery,
Are the finest kind of soldiers,
But vast always grounded be
But when you hear planes in the air
And thundering motors roar,
It's a man who keeps them flying in the Army Air Corps

Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps,
Hail to the airmen, who spanned the sky before.
We're on the beam to victory,
Thanks up for everyone
Hail to Squadrons flying high
Hail to men who rule the sky,
Hail to the Army, Army Air Corps.

THE SOUSE FAMILY

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drank, drank, drank, drank, drunk,
Drunk, drunk, drunk, - -
Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight like I never get drunk before.
For I'm a member of the Souse family.
Oh, the Souse family is the best family that ever came over from
Old Germany
There's the Highland Dutch and the Lowland Dutch, the Amsterdam
Dutch and the Dutch.

Sing Glorious, sing Glorious, one keg of beer for the four of us,
Glory be to God that there are no more of us, for one of us could
Drink it all alone.

ZOOM, ZOOM, ZOOM

Zoom, zoom, zoom along the highway,
Fight, fight, fight the world is free;
Blazing trails along the skyway,
Men of the air are we,
Fight, fight, fight you sons of freedom,
While the Japs are in the sky;
Skyward here we go,
To meet the savage foe
Here's to men who love a fight,
Here's to men who love a fight.

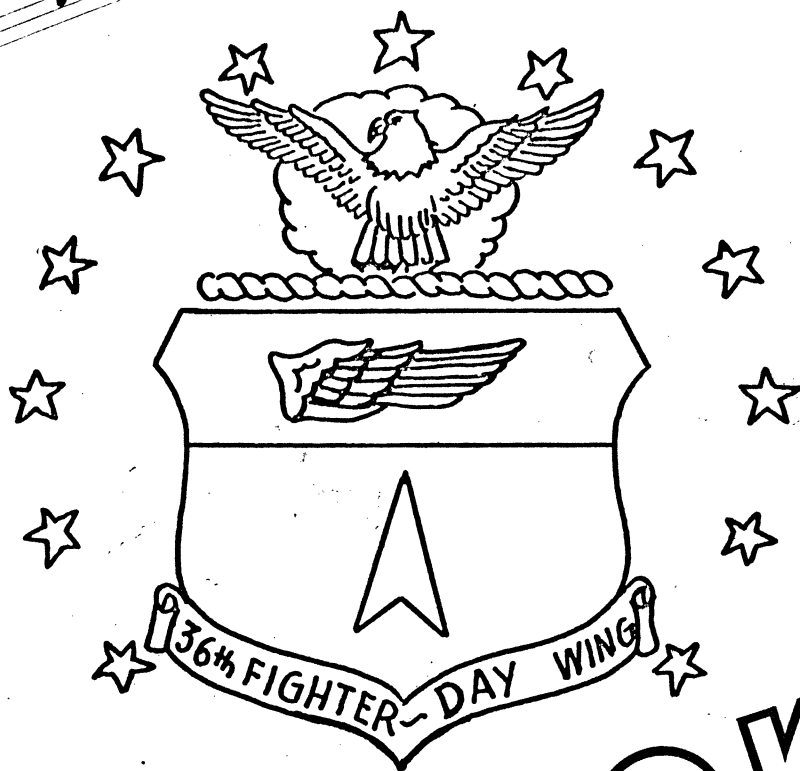
Oh landlord fill the flowing bowl till it doth run over,
O h landlord fill the flowing cup full of ripe October;
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be-o-o-o,
For to-morrow we'll be sober.

Now a gal who gets a kiss,
And runs to tell her mother;
Does a very foolish thing,
Does a very foolish thing,
Does a very foolish thing-g-g-g;
She'll never get another.

Now a gal who gets a kiss,
And waits for another,
Does the thing she ought to do,
Does the thing she ought to do,
Does the thing she ought to do-o-o-o;
She'll soon become a mother.

Now the man who drinks stout ale,
And goes to bed quite mellow;
Does the thing he ought to do,
Does the thing he ought to do,
Does the thing he ought to do-o-o-o;
He'll be a jolly fellow.

Repeat first verse or add other verses.



BOOK

From Col. Roy P. Whitten
USAFR (Ret.)

[1954 - 1958]

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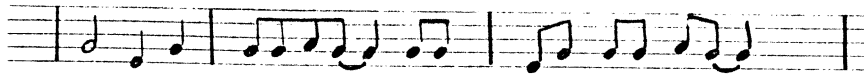
WE LOOP IN THE PURPLE TWILIGHT
WE SPIN IN THE SILVERY DAWN,
WITH A TRAIL OF BLACK SMOKE BEHIND US,
TO SHOW WHERE OUR COMRADES HAVE GONE.
SO STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY,
THIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF LIES.
SO WE'LL DRINK TO THE DEAD ALREADY
AND HURRAH FOR THE NEXT MAN TO DIE.

AIR FORCE HYMN



HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST
OF THE MEN WHO BOAST
THE VASTNESS OF THE SKY.
TO A FRIEND WE'LL SEND
A MESSAGE OF HIS BROTHER MEN WHO FLY.
WE'LL DRINK TO THOSE WHO GAVE
THEIR ALL OF OLD.
THEN DOWN WE'LL DIVE TO REACH
THE RAINBOWS POT OF GOLD.
HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST
OF THE MEN WHO BOAST THE US AIR FORCE.
OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YOUNDER
CLIMBING HIGH INTO THE SUN.
HERE THEY COME ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER
AT 'EM BOYS GIVE HER THE GUN, GIVE HER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM UNDER
OFF WITH ONE HELL OF A ROAR.
WE LIVE IN FAME OR GO DOWN IN FLAME.
HEY NOTHING CAN STOP THE US AIR FORCE.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE



COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE, IT'S A GRAND PLACE SO THEY SAY
YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORK AT ALL, JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY.
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD, AND SOON GROW OLD AND
BLIND,

WE'LL TAKE THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE, AND YOU'LL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS: YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND,
OH, COME ON AND JOIN AIR FORCE,
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

COME ON AND GET PROMOTED AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE,
YOU'RE RIDING ON A GRAVY TRAIN WHEN YOU'RE AIR FORCE FLIER,
BUT WHEN YOU'RE JUST ABOUT TO BE A GENERAL YOU'LL FIND
THE ENGINES COUGH, THE WINGS FALL OFF, AND YOU'LL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:

YOU'RE FLYING O'RE THE OCEAN, YOU HEAR YOUR ENGINE SPIT
YOU SEE YOUR PROP COME TO A STOP, MY GOD THE ENGINES QUITE.
THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CAN'T SWIM, THE SHORE IS MILES BEHIND.
OH, WHAT A DISH FOR THE CRABS AND FISH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:

OH, WHEN YOU LOOP AND ROLL AND SPIN HER, AND WITH AN AWFUL
TEAR,
YOU SEE YOUR STUBBY WINGS FALL OFF, BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE.
FOR IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES, MAC, ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL FIND.
YOU'LL FLY WITH PETE AND THE ANGELS SWEET, AND YOU'LL NEVER
MIND.

CHORUS:

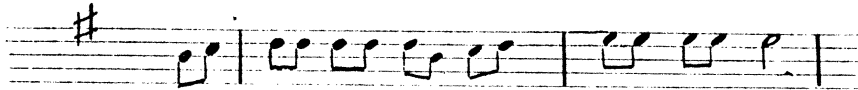
OH, YOU MEET UP WITH A MIG 15, HE SHOOTS YOU DOWN IN FLAMES,
AIN'T NO USE TO BELLY ACHE AND CALL THAT BASTARD NAMES.
JUST PUSH YOUR STICK INTO THE GROUND, AND PRETTY SOON YOU'LL
FIND
THERE AIN'T NO HELL AND ALL IS WELL AND YOU'LL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:

OH, WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF AIR FORCES LADS, AND WE DONT GIVE
A DAMN,
ABOUT THE GROUNDLINGS POINT OF VIEW AND ALL THAT SORT OF HAM.
WE WANT A HUNDRED THOUSAND SHIPS OF EACH AND EVERY KIND,
AND NOW WE'VE GOT OUR OWN AIR FORCE, SO WE'LL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:

A TOAST TO THE COMMANDER



IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN THE ENGINES START TO ROAR,
YOU COULD SEE THE OLD MAN STANDING BY THE OPERATIONS DOOR.
'SWEATING OUT THE TAKE OFFS LIKE HE'S ALWAYS DONE BEFORE.

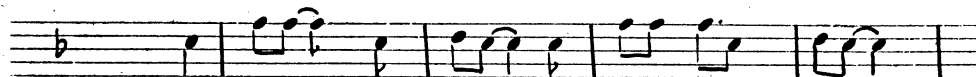
HE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOURED PLATED DESK—DEAD DRUNK.
WHEN THE LEAD SHIP STARTS TO FAULTER AND THE END IS NEAR
AT HAND,

HE IS LAYING ON HIS SOFA WITH HIS HEADSET ON COMMAND,

SHOUTING TAKE 'Em UP ON TOP BOYS WITH A MIXED DRINK 87 HIS HAND.
HE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOURED PLATED DESK—DEAD DRUNK.
THREE TIMES HE LED US OUT BOYS AND THREE TIMES HE LED US BACK,
HE CIRCLED O'ER THE TARGET AS WE DOVE DOWN THROUGH THE FLAK,
SHOUTING NOW LET'S BE FAIR BOYS, I'M ALERGIC TO THE FLAK,

HE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOURED PLATED DESK—DEAD DRUNK.

BEE'S BEER CALL



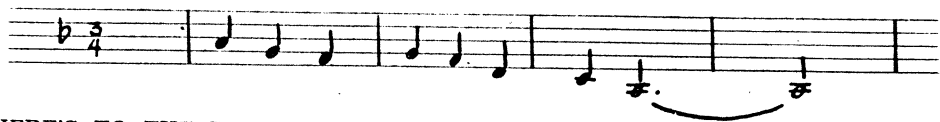
OH WE'RE FROM THE "22", THE HAIRY CHESTED "22"
WHENEVER WE GO OUT WE HAVE A BALL.
WE TAKE DELIGHT, IN STIRRING UP A FIGHT
AND KNOCKING THEM IN THE HEAD, 'TIL THEIR DEAD;
HA HA HA OH OH OH HEE HEE HEE!
WE HAVE GOTTEN A REPROVE IN WRITTEN.
WE PUT POISON IN OUR C.O'S CREAM OF WHEAT.
WE'RE FROM THE "22", THE HAIRY CHESTED "22"
AND WE EAT RAW MEAT! CALL THE WAITER MORE BEER.

The first staff of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It contains eight measures of music. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), and a half note G4 with a fermata.

7

8

REGULAR AIR FORCE



HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE,
THEY HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL PLAN.
THEY CALL UP THE DAD BURNED RESERVISTS,
WHENEVER THE STUFF HITS THE FAN.

CHORUS: FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON REGULAR AIR FORCE
FIGHT ON, FIGHT ON!
FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON REGULAR AIR FORCE
FIGHT ON.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE,
WITH MEDALS AND BADGES GALORE.
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE DAD BURNED RESERVISTS,
THEIR TAIL WOULD BE DRAGGING THE FLOOR.

CHORUS:

THEY CALL UP ON EVERY OLD PILOT,
THEY CALL UP ON EVERY YOUNG MAN.
THE RESERVISTS GOT SENT TO KOREA,
THE REGULARS STAYED IN JAPAN.

CHORUS:

THEY CALLED UP A DOZEN MORE SQUADRONS,
STAFFED BY A REGULAR CLASS.
BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR PROMOTIONS,
THE RESERVISTS GOT JABBED IN THE . . .

The first staff of music is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), and C4 (half). The staff ends with a double bar line.

[illegible]

CHORUS: OH, HALLELUJAH, OH, HALLELUJAH!

OH, HALLELUJAH, OH, ALLELUJAH!

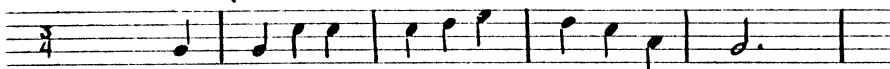
OH, I FLEW THE TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT LOKED ALL RIGHT,
AND WHEN I MADE MY LAST TURN, MY GOD, I RACKED IT TIGHT!
AND THEN THE SHIP DID SHUDDER, THE ENGINE COUGHED AND WHEEZED.
MAY DAY! MAY DAY! COLONEL, SPIN INSTUCTIONS PLEASE!

I STARTED IN TO BUZZ; I THOUGHT THAT I WAS CLEAR.
I CAME IN OVER FURSTY: I KNEW THE END WAS NEAR.
I MET THE FLYING BOARD, AND THEY GAVE ME THE WORKS.
GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH! WHAT A BUNCH OF JERKS!

AND NOW I'M IN THE GUTTER WITH PRETZELS IN MY BEER,
WITH PRETZELS IN MY WHISKERS, I KNEW THE END WAS NEAR.
THEN CAME THIS GLORIOUS AIR FORCE TO SAVE ME FROM THE WORST;
EVERYBODY BUST A GUT AND SING ANOTHERS VERSE!

CHORUS:

ONCE I WAS HAPPY



OH ONCE I WAS HAPPY AND HAD A GOOD DEAL.
FLEW FOX 86S OUT OF OLD VICTOR FIELD.
THEY ASKED FOR A VOLUNTEER AND SAID I'LL TAKE YOU.
THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS IN OLD TAGUE.

CHORUS: KUNERI AND ANTUNG AND WILD WILD PYONYANG
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU APE THEY'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE
QUAD FIFTIES AND FORTIES AND ONE HUNDRET SORTIES
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU APE THEY'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE.

CHORUS: EARLY ABORT, AVOID THE RUSH;
EARLY ABORT, NOW DON'T DELAY.
EARLY ABORT, AVOID THE RUSH;
OH, MY NAME IS COLONEL I'M THE LEADER OF
THE GROUP.

DROP YOUR TANKS AND CANOPIES, PEEL OFF AND BELLY IN.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

THE SAGA OF THE OLD 36TH



THEY GAVE HIM HIS ORDERS AT GROUP OPERATIONS.
SAYING, "CASEY YOU'R WAY BEHIND TIME."
IT'S NOT KUNERI BUT OLD NAMSI DONG;
WHERE YOU'LL CUT THE RAILS
OR BUST YOUR ASS IN TRYING.
SO THEY CLIMBED IN THEIR SABRES
AT QUARTER PAST ELEVEN
WITH THE CREW CHIEF ON THE WING.
THE PILOT SAID, "PLUG IN THE POWER
AND LISTEN TO THIS OLD SABRE SING."
WE WENT ROLLEN' DOWN THE RUNWAY AT 90 KNOTS AN HOUR,
WHEN THE NOSE WHEEL BROKE THE GROUND.
WE WERE IN THE AIR FLYING O'ER THE MOUNTAINS,
HEADED TOWARD THAT FLAK INFESTED TOWN.
WE FLEW OVER HAAGU AND SKIRTED CHINAMPO
AND HEADED UP THE COAST.
WHEN DENTIST CHARLEY LOOKEND INTO HIS RADAR
AND HE TURNED JUST AS WHITE AS A GHOST.
FOR THE SCREEN WAS BLURRED AS THE TRAINS LEFT THE STATION
AS WE GLIMBED TO ANGELS 29.
I SAW THOSE CONTRAILS A HEADED TOWARDS US
AND I WETTED THIS FLEYING SUIT OF MINE.
I STARTED MY BOMB RUN AT 400 KNOTS AN HOUR,
WHEN I SAW MY WING MAN SHOOT PAST.
OH HE FLEW THROUGH HIS BOMB BLAST AT ALTITUDE ZERO
AND HE DIED WITH A RAIL TIE UP HIS
"DIG THAT CRAZY SLIVER."

NAPALM



HUSBANDS AND WIVES, LITTLE CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES;
IT WAS GRAND WHEN MY NAPALM WENT DOWN.

CHORUS: IT WAS GRAND, IT WAS GRAND, IT WAS GRAND
WHEN MY NAPALM WENT DOWN.

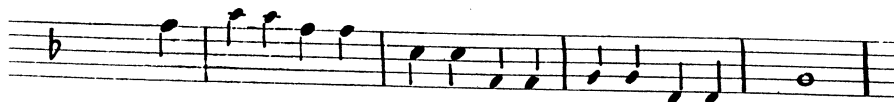
OH THE RIVER RAN RED WITH THE BLOOOD OF THE DEAD
IT WAS GRAND WHEN MY NAPALM WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:

OH THE ROAD WAS FULL OF RUTS AND THE RUTS WERE FULL OF GUTS
IT WAS GRAND WHEN MY NAPALM WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:

THE YOUNG PURSUITER



BESIDE A GUINEA WATERFALL ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY
BESIDE HIS SHATTERED SABER-JET THE YOUNG PURSUITE LAY
HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A NEARBY TREE; HE WAS NOT YET
QUITE DEAD

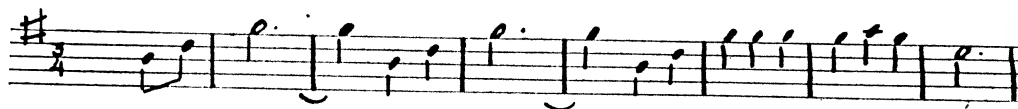
SO, LISTEN TO THE VERY LAST WORDS THE YOUNG PURSUITE SAID:
"I'M GOING TO A BETTER LAND WHERE EVERYTHENG IS RIGHT,
WHERE WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES; PLAY POKER EVERY
NIGHT.

THERE'S NOT A SINGLE THING TO DO BUT SIT AROUND AND SING;
WHERE ALL OUR CREWS ARE WOMEN — — OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY
STING?

OH DEATH WHERE IS THY STING DING A LING — OH DEATH WHERE IS
THY STING?

THE BELLS OF HELL WILL RING A LING, A LING FOR YOU BUT NOT
FOR ME.

THE WALL



O'ER THE WALL, O'ER THE WALL —
THAT BLOODY IMPENETRABLE WALL.
BLESS OLD REPUBLIC FOR BUILDING THAT JET;
I KNOW A GUY WHO IS CUSSING IT YET.
FOR HE TRIED TO GET OVER THE WALL
WITH TIP TANKS AND TAILPIPES AND ALL.
HIS NEEDLES DID GROSS AND HIS WINGS DID COME OFF,
WITH TIP TANKS AND TAILPIPES AND ALL.

O'ER THE WALL, O'ER THE WALL —
THAT BLOODY IMPENETRABLE WALL.
THAT SUBSONIC BARRIER IS NATHING BUT ROUGH;
WORSE THAN A RIDE ON A LOCAL BASE BUS.
SO I SAY THIS TO ONE—AND ALL,
"IF YOU TRY TO GET OVER THE WALL,
IF YOU'RE HOT YOU'LL MAKE IT,
IF YOU'R NOT YOU'LL BREAK IT,
YOUR TAIL BOYS BUT NEVER THE WALL."

CHORUS: AIN'T GONNA NEED THIS GROUP NO LONGER,
 AINT GONNA NEED THIS GROUP NO MORE.
 AIN'T GOT TIME TO LEARN THE MISSION,
 AIN'T GOT TIME TO LEARN THE SCORE,
 AIN'T GOT NERVE TO MAKE A TAKE-OFF
 OR A PLANE TO DO A ROLL,
 AND WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE P.I.O.
 WHO'S GOT US IN THIS HOLE.

CHORUS: AIN'T GONNA NEED THIS GROUP NO LONGER,
AIN'T GONNA NEED THIS GROUP NO MORE,
AIN'T GOT TIME TO BE A TIGER,
AIN'T GOT TIME TO GIVE A ROAR.
AIN'T GOT PLANES THAT'LL HOLD TOGETHER,
OR THAT G SUIT UNDERWEAR,
BUT WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO . . . ,
SO WE REALLY COULD NOT CARE . . .

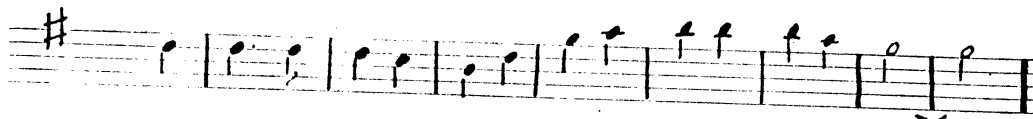
CHORUS: JUST MAKE ME OPERATIONS
'WAY OUT ON SOME TINY ATOL.
FOR I AM TOO YOUNG TO DIE.
I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

AIR FORCE LAMENT



MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE DAYS OF MEN WHO RULED THE FIGHT-
ING SKY,
WITH HEARTS THAT LAUGHED AT DEATH AND LIVED FOR NOTHING
BUT TO FLY.
BUT NOW THOSE HEARTS ARE GROUNDED AND THOSE DAYS ARE LONG
GONE BY
THE AIR FORCES GONE TO HELL.

CHORUS: GLORY — — FLYING REGULATIONS,
HAVE THEM READ AT EVERY STATION,
CRUCIFY THE MAN WHO BREAKS ONE,
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL.

MY BONES HAVE FELT THEIR POUNDING THROB A HUNDRED THAUSAND
STRONG,
A MIGHTY AIRBORNE LEGION SENT TO RIGHT THE DEADLY WRONG,
BUT NOW IT'S ONLY MEMORY IT ONLY SERVES IN SONG.
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL.

CHORUS:

I HAVE SEEN THEM IN THEIR T-BOLTS WHEN THEIR EYES WERE DANC-
ING FLAME.
I'VE SEEN THEIR SCREAMING POWER DIVES THAT BLASTED GOERING'S
NAME,
BUT NOW THEY FLY LIKE SISSIES AND THEY HANG THEIR HEADS IN
SHAME.
THEIR SPIRIT'S SHOT TO HELL.

CHORUS:

THEY FLEW B-26'S THROUGH A LIVING HELL OF FLAK.
AND BLOODY DYING PILOTS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO BRING THEM BACK,
BUT NOW THEY ALL PLAY PING PONG IN THE OPERATIONS SHACK.
THEIR TECHNIQUE'S GONE TO HELL.

CHORUS:

YES THE LORDLY FLYING FORTRESS AND THE LIBERATOR TOO,
ONCE WROTE THE DOOM OF GERMANY WITH CONTRAILS IN THE BLUE.
BUT NOW THE SKIES ARE EMPTY AND OUR PLANES ARE WET WITH DEW
AND WE CAN'T FLY FOR HELL.

CHORUS:

YOU HAVE HEARD YOUR POUNDING 50'S BLAZE FROM WINGS OF
POLISHED STEEL,
THE PURRING OF YOUR MERLIN WAS A SONG YOUR HEART COULD FELL,
BUT NOW THE L-5 CHARMS YOU WITH ITS MOANIN', GROANIN', SQUEAL
AND IT WON'T CLIMB FOR HELL.

CHORUS:

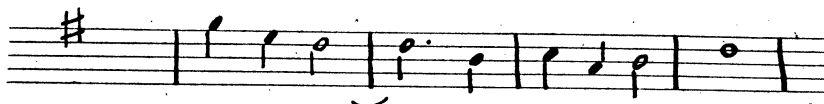
HAP ARNOLD BUILT A FIGHTING TEAM THAT SANG A FIGHTING SONG
ABOUT THE WILD BLUE YONDER IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE STRONG,
BUT NOW WE'RE CLOSELY SUPERVISED FOR FEAR WE MAY DO WRONG,
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL.

CHORUS:

WE FLEW THE MIGHTY HOG RIGHT DOWN THE FLAK INFESTED TRACK.
THE MIGS FLEW OE'R THE YALU, THE SABRES, CHASED 'EM BACK.
BUT NOW WE FIGHT THE PAPER WAR AND HAVEN'T GOT THE NACK.
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL.

CHORUS:

ZULU WARRIORS

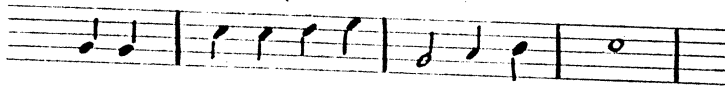


HOLD'EM DOWN YOU ZULU WARRIORS.
HOLD'EM DOWN YOU ZULU CHIEF, CHIEF, CHIEF, CHIEF.

CHORUS: HIGH ZIG A ZUMBA, ZUMBA, ZUMBA } REPEAT
HIGH ZIG A ZUMBA, ZUMBA ZIG.

HOLD'EM DOWN YOU ZULU WARRIORS.
HOLD'EM DOWN YOU ZULU CHIEFS HEY!

SAMUEL HALL



OH MY NAME IS SAMUEL HALL, SAMUEL HALL.
OH MY NAME IS SAMUEL HALL, SAMUEL HALL.
OH MY NAME IS SAMUEL HALL AND I'VE ONLY GOT ONE BALL.

CHORUS: DAMN THEIR HIDE BLESS THEIR SOULS UP 'EM ALL - - HAWK.

OH I KILLED A MAN THEY SAID, SO THEY SAID.
YES I KILLED A MAN THEY SAID, SO THEY SAID.
YES I KILLED A MAN THEY SAID WITH A LITTLE PIECE OF LEAD.

CHORUS:

SO THEY THREW ME INTO QUOD, INTO QUOD.
YES THEY THREW ME INTO QUOD, INTO QUOD.
OH THEY THREW ME INTO QUOD AND THEY LEFT ME THERE BY GOD.

CHORUS:

SO IT'S DOWN THE ROAD I GO, I DO GO.
OH IT'S DOWN THE ROAD I GO, I DO GO.
OH IT'S DOWN THE ROAD I GO WITH MY BUTTOCKS HANGING LOW.

CHORUS:

THE PARSON HE DID COME, HE DID COME.
OH THE PARSON HE DID COME, HE DID COME.
YES THE PARSON HE DID COME BUT HE LOOKED SO DAD BURNED GLUM.

CHORUS:

AND THE JAILER HE CAME TOO, HE CAME TOO.
OH THE JAILER HE CAME TOO, HE CAME TOO.
YES THE JAILER HE CAME TOO WITH HIS BOYS ALL DRESSED IN BLUE.

CHORUS:

AND THE SHERIFF HE CAME TOO, HE CAME TOO.
OH THE SHERIFF HE CAME TOO, HE CAME TOO.
YES THE SHERIFF HE CAME TOO CAUSE HE HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

CHORUS:

OH BUYS THE DRINKS, BUYS THE DRINKS.
(REPEAT)
OH BUYS THE DRINKS, CAUSE IT'S LATER THAN HE THINKS.

CHORUS:

OH GO'NNA SWING, GONNA SWING.

(REPEAT)

OH GO'NNA SWING BY A PIECE OF DAD BURNED STRING.

CHORUS:

OH HE WAS THERE, HE WAS THERE.

(REPEAT)

OH HE WAS THERE, BUT HAD NO DAD BURNED HAIR.

CHORUS:

OH HAD THE LICK HAD THE LICK.

(REPEAT)

OH HAD THE LICK SINCE HE STEPPED UPON HIS TIE.

CHORUS:

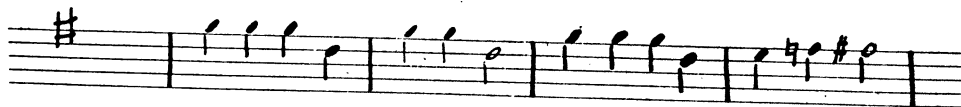
OH HE CAME THROUCH, HE CAME THROUCH.

(REPEAT)

OH HE CAME THROUCH, HE HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

CHORUS:

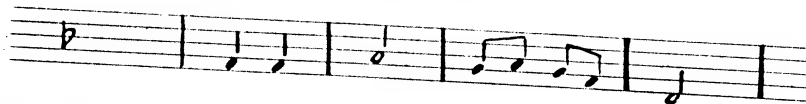
ROUNDER .



HERE'S TO HE'S TRUE BLUE.
HE'S A DRUNKARD THROUGH AND THROUGH.
HE'S A ROUNDER SO THEY SAY,
TRIED TO GO TO HEAVEN
BUT HE WENT THE OTHER WAY.

CHORUS: SO DRINK CHUG A LUG, CHUG A LUG, CHUG A LUG.
SO DRINK CHUG A LUG, CHUG A LUG, CHUG A LUG.
(until the drink is finished)

DRUNK

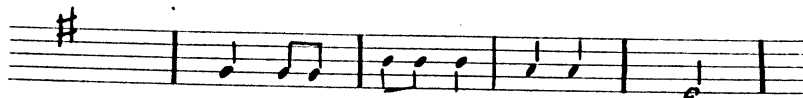


DRUNK LAST NIGHT, DRUNK THE NIGHT BEFORE,
'GONNA' GET DRUNK TONIGHT LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN DRUNK BEFORE.
FOR WHEN I'M DRUNK I'M AS HAPPY AS CAN BE.
FOR I AM A MEMBER OF THE SOUSE FAMILY.

NOW THE SOUSE FAMILY IS THE BEST FAMILY
THAT EVER CAME OVER FROM OLD GERMANY.
THERE'S THE HIGHLAND DUTCH AND THE LOWLAND DUTCH.
THE ROTTERDAM DUTCH AND THE DAD BURNED DUTCH.

SINGING GLORIUS, GLORIUS,
ONE KEG OF BEER FOR THE FOUR OF US.
SINGING GLORY BE TO GOD THAT THERE ARE NO MORE OF US,
FOR ONE OF US COULD DRINK IT ALL ALONE: DAMN NEAR.
HERE'S TO THE IRISH'DEAD DRUNK — THE LUCKY STIFFS.

MORPHINE BILL



WALKED DOWN THE AVENUE TURNED DOWN MAIN,
SAW A SIGN "NO COCAINE".

CHORUS: SO HONEY HAVE A (sniff), HAVE A (sniff) ON ME,
OH HONEY HAVE A (sniff), HAVE A (sniff) ON ME
WALKED IN A DRUG STORE FILLED WITH SMOKE,
SAW A SIGN "NO MORE COKE".

CHORUS:

IN A GRAVEYARD ON A HILL,
LIES THE BODY OF MORPHINE BILL.

CHORUS:

IN THIS GRAVE YARD BY HIS SIDE,
LIES THE BODY OF HIS MORPHINE BRIDE.

CHORUS:

NOW THE MORAL OF THIS STORY GOES TO SHOW,
THERE AIN'T NO FUN IN SNIFFEN' SNOW.

CHORUS:

LITTLE BROWN MOUSE



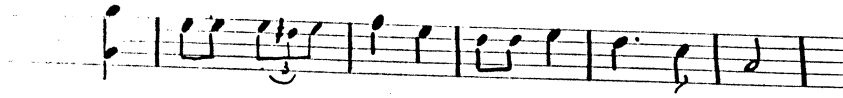
OH THE WHISKEY WAS SPILLED ON THE BAR ROOM FLOOR,
 THE BAR WAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT,
 WHEN OUT OF HIS HOLE CAME THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE
 AND HE SAT IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT.
 HE LAPPED UP THE LIKKER ON THE BAR ROOM FLOOR
 AND BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES HE SAT
 AND ALL NIGHT LONG YOU COULD HEAR HIM SING.
 "BRING ON THE DAD BURNED CAT, GRRR, CAT, GRRR CAT! CAT!"

FATHER'S GRAVE



OH THEY'RE DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE TO BUILD A SEWER.
 THEY'RE GOING ABOUT THE JOB AT NO EXPENSE.
 THEY'RE DISTURBING HIS REMAINS
 TO MAKE WAY FOR A 10 INCH DRAIN
 TO SATISFY SOME BRAND NEW RESIDENTS, GOR BLIMEY.
 NOW FATHER IN HIS DAY WAS NEVER A QUITTER
 AND I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL BE A QUITTER NOW,
 HE'LL DRESS UP IN WHITE SHEETS
 AND HE'LL HAUNT THOSE OUT HOUS E SEATS.
 NO ONE THERE WILL CRAP 'WHAT HE'LL ALLOW, GOR BLIMEY.
 NOW WON'T THERE BE SOME BLOODY CONSTIPATION
 AND WON'T THOSE BLOODY RASCALS RANT AND RAVE,
 WHICH IS NO MORE THAN THEY DESERVE, FOR HAVING
 THE BLOODY NERVE,
 TO BUGGER ABOUT WITH A BRITISH WORKMAN'S GRAVE.

CHICAGO



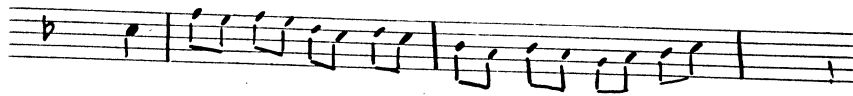
I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO, IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.
 I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO, I DID BUT I DON'T ANYMORE.
 A LADY CAME IN FOR A HAT ONE DAY I ASKED HER WHAT KIND
 SHE ADORED.
 "FELT", SHE SAID AND FELT HER I DID, I DID BUT I DON'T ANYMORE.

CAKE — LAYER
 LAMP — FLOOR
 BIRDS — LOVE

GLUE — PASTE
 CREAM — MASSAGE
 GIRDLE — RUBBER
 SCARF — NECK

FOOD — PET
 STAMP — LETTER
 RAZOR — INJECTOR

SWEATER GIRL



THERE'S NOTHING THAT LOOKS BETTER
 THAN A GIRL THAT WEARS A SWEATER,
 THOUGH SHE MAY NOT BE ALL THAT SHE APPEARS.
 THEY'VE GOT AN AWFUL LOT OF FALSIES IN BRASSIERES.
 HER PULMONARY MUSCLES MAY RESEMBLE JANIE RUSSEL'S
 AND SHE'LL SAY SHE GOT THAT WAY FROM DRINKING BEERS.
 THEY'VE GOT AN AWFUL LOT OF FALSIES IN BRASSIERES;
 SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED.
 LOOK OUT JACK IT MAY BE JUST AN ACT.
 GIVE A GIRL A BIGGER BRA' AND SHE WILL GROW, GROW, GROW.
 SO BOY BEFORE YOU WED HER JUST INVESTIGATE THAT SWEATER
 OR YOU'LL SPEND YOUR HONEYMOON IN SHEDDING TEARS.
 THEY'VE GOT AN AWFUL LOT OF FALSIES IN BRASSIERES.

CHORUS: TING - A - LING A LING, LING
BLOW IT OUT YOUR TAIL PIPE.
TING A LING A LING LING
BLOW IT OUT YOUR TAIL PIPE.
TING A LING A LING LING
BLOW IT OUT YOUR TAIL PIPE,
BETTER DAYS ARE COMMING BY AND BY.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

' 27

[illegible]

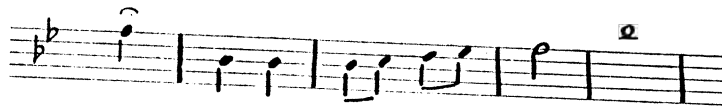
CHORUS: HITS THE RICH WHAT GETS THE GRAIVY.
HITS THE POOR WHAT GETS THE BLAIM.
HITS THE SAIME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER UNDER OVER
HAINT IT ALL A BLOODY SHAME.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

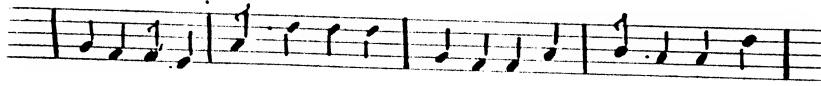
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JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND
(cockney Accent)



OH, I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER,
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR.
JUST WANT TO HANG AROUND PICCADILLY ON THE GROUND,
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNINGS OF ME HIGH BORN LADY.
MONDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE,
TUESDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE.
WEDNESDAY SUCCESS; I LIFTED UP HER DRESS,
THURSDAY HER CHEMISEY I DID SEE.
NOW, FRIDAY I PUT MY HAND UPON IT,
SATURDAY SHE GAVE ME BALLS A TWEAK, TWEAK, TWEAK.
IT WAS SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER I SHOVED THE OLD BOY UP 'ER.
AND NOW SHE EARNS ME SEVEN AND SIX A WEEK, GOR' BLIMEY!
I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER,
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR.
I JUST WANT TO HANG AROUND PICCADILLY ON THE GROUND,
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNINGS OF ME HIGH BORN LADY.
I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE HOLE,
I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY.
I JUST WANT TO STAY IN ENGLAND, IN JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND,
AND PLAY THE REST OF ME BLOODY LIFE AWAY.

OVALTINE



UNCLE GEORGE AND AUNTIE MABLE
FAINTED AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.
THIS SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT WARNING,
NEVER DO IT IN THE MORNING.
OVALTINE HAS SET THEM RIGHT.
NOW THEY DO IT EVERY NIGHT.
UNCLE GEORGE IS HOPING SOON,
TO DO IT IN THE AFTERNOON.
UNCLE GEORGE IS HOPING SOON,
TO DO IT IN THE AFTERNOON.
A—H—M—E—N

TITANIC



OH THEY BUILT THE SHIP "TITANIC"
AND WHEN THEY HAD IT THROUGH,
THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A SHIP
THAT THE WATER WOULD NEVER COME THROUGH.
BUT THE GOOD LORD RAISED HIS HAND
SAID, "THAT SHIP WOULD NEVER LAND."
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

CHORUS: IT WAS SAD, IT WAS SAD,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.
HUSBANDS AND WIVES (high squeaky voice) LITTLE BITTY
CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES.
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

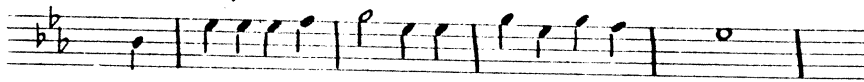
THEY WERE OFF FOR ENG-A-LAND
AND WERE HEADED FOR THE SHORE
AND THE RICH REFUSED TO ASSOCIATE WITH THE POOR.
SO THEY PUT THEM DOWN BELOW
AND THEY WERE THE FIRST TO GO.
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:

OH THEY PUT THE LIFE BOATS OUT,
IN THE RAGING BURBLING SEA
AND THE BAND STRUCK UP WITH "NEARER GOD TO THEE".
OH THE CAPTAIN TRIED TO WIRE,
BUT THE WIRE WAS ON FIRE.
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:

THE CONDUCTOR



LEADER; ICH BIN EIN GUTE CONDUCTOR,
DAS COMS VON SCHWABEN LAND,

GROUP; DU BIST EIN GUTE CONDUCTOR,
DAS COMS VON SCHWABEN LAND.

LEADER; ICH BON SCHMIDDAHL.

GROUP; DU BON SCMIDDAHL.

LEADER; ON DER VIOLA.

GROUP; ON DER VIOLA.

TOGETHER: VIO, VIO, VIOLA, VIO, VIO, VIOLA, VIO, VIO, VIOLA
ON DER VIOLA
SEXIPHONE-SEXY
TROMBONE-BOUM
TRUMPET-TA
TELEPHONE-HELLO
JEWS HARP-NER
CONDUCTOR (WAVE ARMS, NO NOISE)

THE PERSIAN KITTY



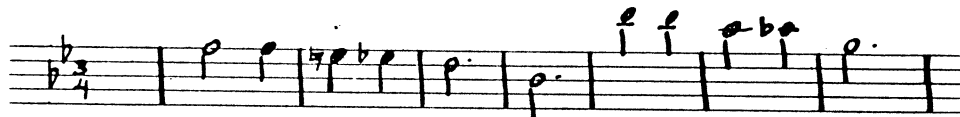
THE PERSIAN KITTY, PERFUMED AND FAIR
WENT OUT TO THE KITCHEN JUST TO GET SOME AIR
WHEN A TOM CAT LITHE, LEAN AND LONG
DIRTY AND YELLOW, CAME ALONG.
NOW HE SNIFFED THAT PERFUMED PERSIAN CAT
AS SHE WALKED AROUND WITH ECLASS
THINKING OF A BIT OF TIME TO PASS
HE WHISPERED BABY YOU SHO GOT CLASS
AND FITTING AND PROPER WAS HER REPLY
AS SHE ARCHED A WHISKER RIGHT OVER HER EYE.
DAILY, I'M FED ON CERTIFIED MILK
AND NIGHTLY I SLEEP ON PILLOWS OF SILK
I SHOULD BE HAPPY WITH WHAT I'VE GOT
I SHOULD BE HAPPY BUT HAPPY I'M NOT
I SHOULD BE HAPPY I SHOULD INDEED
JUST CAUSE I'M HIGHLY PEDIGREED
CHEER UP SAID THE TOM CAT WITH A SMILE
AND TRUST YOUR NEWLY FOUND FRIEND FOR A WHILE.
YOU NEED NOT ESCAPE FROM YOUR BACKYARD FENCE
BABY ALL YOU NEED IS EXPERIENCE
NOW THE JOYS OF LIFE HE DID UNFURI,
AS HE TOLD HER THE TALES OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD
SUGGESTING AT LAST WITH A LURID LAUGH
A TRIP FOR TWO DOWN A PRIMROSE PATH
NOW THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE
THE KITTY CAME HOME ABOUT THE HOUR OF FOUR
THE INNOCENT LOOK FROM HER HAD WENT
THE SMILE ON HER FACE WAL A SMILE OF CONTENT
IN LATER YEARS THE NEIGHBORS CAME
JUST TO SEE PERSIAN KITTENS OF PEDIGREED FAME
THEY WERENT PERSIAN, THEY WERE BLACK AND TAN
AND SHE TOLD THEM THAT THEIR DADDY WAS A TRAVELING MAN
A TRAVELING MAN A RATCHING SCRATCHING TRAVELING MAN

[illegible]

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS
NO EGGS WOULD THEY LAY
WE HAD SOME CHICKENS NO EGGS WOULD THEY LAY
MY WIFE SAID HONEY IT'S STRIKING ME FUNNY
WE'RE LOOSING MONEY, NO EGGS WOULD THEY LAY
ONE DAY A ROOSTER FLEW INTO THE YARD
AND COUGHT THOSE CHICKENS RIGHT OFF OF THEIR GUARD
(LOUDLY)
THERE'RE LAYING EGGS NOW JUST LIKE THEY USED TO DO
EVER SINCE THAT ROOSTER FLEW INTO THE YARD
THEIR LAYING EGGS NOW JUST LIKE THEY USED TO DO
EVER SINCE THAT ROOSTER FLEW INTO THE YARD.

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WER SOLL DAS BEZAHLEN?



SONNTAGS DA SITZT IN DER WIRTSCHAFT IM ECK
IMMER EIN FEUCHTER VEREIN.
BIS GEGEN ZWÖLF SCHENKT DER WIRT TÜCHTIG EIN,
DANN WIRD DAS TASCHENGELD SPÄRLICH.
VORIGEN SONNTAG NUN BRACHTE DER WIRT
RUNDE UM RUNDE HEREIN,
BIS GEGEN ZWÖLF UHR DER GANZE VEREIN FRAGTE:
HERR WIRT SAG UNS EHRLICH:

CHORUS: WER SOLL DAS BEZAHLEN, WER HAT DAS BESTELLT?
WER HAT SO VIEL PINKE PINKE, WER HAT SO VIEL GELD??
WER SOLL DAS BEZAHLEN, WER HAT DAS BESTELLT?
WER HAT SO VIEL PINKE PINKE, WER HAT SO VIEL GELD?

KÜRZLICH DA SASS ICH SOLIDE UND BRAV
MIT MEINER GATTIN ZU HAUS.
PLÖTZLICH DA ZOG MEINE GATTIN SICH AUS,
WOLLT MICH MIT NEUEM ERGÖTZEN.
WAS DENN, SO DACHT ICH, DAS KENNST DU DOCH LÄNGST!
DOCH WAS DANN KAM DAS WAR NEU:
WÄSCHE UND STRÜMPFE UND SCHUHE DABEI.
DA RIEF ICH VOLLER ENTSETZEN:

CHORUS: ...

VIELES BEI UNS, DAS WAR GRÜNDLICH ZERSTÖRT,
WIR HATTEN NICHT MAL 'NEN STAAT.
JETZT HABEN WIR ZWEI, DIE AUCH GANZ SEPARAT
IHRE REGIERUNGEN TRAGEN.
KOSTEN DIE BEIDEN UNS AUCH SCHON GENUG,
WIR BRAUCHEN MEHR ALS NUR ZWEI.
WIR HABEN IM HINTERGRUND FRANKFURT DABEI.
UND NUR DIE ÄNGSTLICHEN FRAGEN:

CHORUS: ...

IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRÄUHAUS



DA, WO DIE GRÜNE ISAR FLIESST, WO MAN MIT „GRÜSS GOTT“ DICH
GRÜSST,

LIEGT MEINE SCHÖNE MÜNCHNER STADT, DIE IHRESGLEICHEN NICHT HAT.
WASSER IST BILLIG, REIN UND GUT, NUR VERDÜNNT ES UNSER BLUT,
SCHÖNER SIND TROPFEN GOLDNEN WEINS, ABER AM SCHÖNSTEN IST
EINS:

CHORUS: IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRÄUHAUS 1. 2. gsuffa,
DA LÄUFT SO MANCHES FÄSSCHEN AUS 1. 2. gsuffa
DA HAT SCHON MANCHER BRAVE MANN 1. 2. gsuffa
GEZEIGT WAS ER SO VERTRAGEN KANN.
SCHON FRÜH AM MORGEN FING ER AN
UND SPÄT AM ABEND KAM ER HERAUS!
SO SCHÖN ISTS IM HOFBRÄUHAUS.

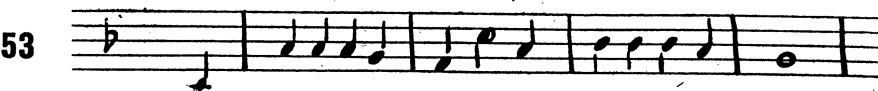
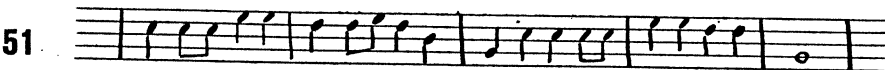
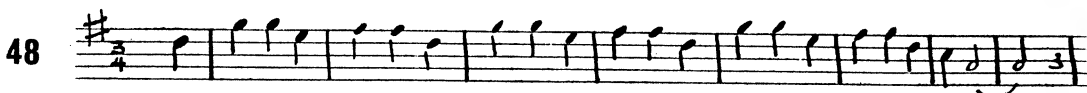
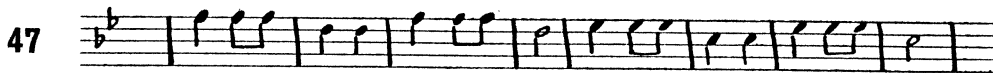
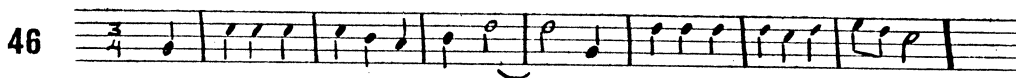
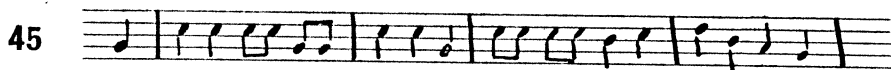
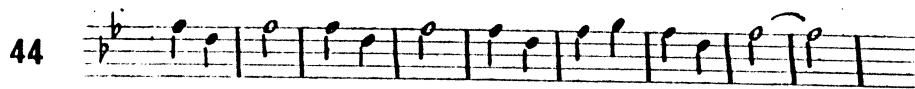
DA TRINKT MAN BIER NICHT AUS DEM GLAS, DA GIBTS NUR DIE
„GROSSE MASS“
UND WENN DER ERSTE MASSKRUG LEER, BRINGT DIE RESERL BALD
MEHR.

OFT KRIEGT ZU HAUS DIE FRAU NEN SCHRECK, BLEIBT DER MANN MAL
LÄNGER WEG,
ABER DIE BRAVEN NACHBARSLEUT, DIE WISSEN BESSER BESCHIED!

CHORUS:.....

WENN AUCH SO MANCHE DEUTSCHE STADT SEHENSWÜRDIGKEITEN HAT,
EINS GIBT ES NIRGEND WO WIE HIER: DAS IST DAS MÜNCHNER BIER.
DER DIESES KLEINE LIED ERDACHT, HAT SO MANCHE LANGE NACHT
ÜBER DEM MÜNCHNER BIER STUDIERT UND HAT ES GRÜNDLICH
PROBIERT.

CHORUS:.....



They sent our old instructors, to teach us
all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those
dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through
the mach
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like
a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there
was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting
on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I
was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought
the end was near
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me
the works
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of
jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more
and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a
high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all
done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my
beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end
was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save
me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second
verse

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left
wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up
and go around
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet
or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear
came through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got God Damn
low
I pressed the bloody button, Let both my
babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit
a high speed stall
How I won't see my mother when the works
all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said
"Shoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there, my wings were
holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no
longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to
die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing
was top line
With my E and E equipment, I made for our
front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what
was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the
thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged
to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin
of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for break-
fast till I die

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (SO)

Tune: Throw a Nickle on the Drum

It was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots
shouted BALLS
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets
And shove them up your ass."

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a
nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a
nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There can a call from the Major, Oh won't
you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my
tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my
ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked
all right
The air speed read one-thirty, my God I
racked it tight
The air frame gave a shudder, the engine
gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions
please

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and
headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's
in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose
into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get
there

The boys up from that other group, they
think they are so hot
They brag about the "Bluetails", that
they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when are
they holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before
they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say
we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never
more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are
planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our
next TDY

I started on my take off, I thought the
flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake
craped the ground
The General he smiled at me, he thought it
was great fun
But then I met the F.E.B., Chitose here I
come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we
flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't
last

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine quit
You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

I fly up to the yalu, in my F-36
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in you TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and get

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-15, He'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About those paper shufflin types with heads just like a ham
We want a hundred planes or so all ready on the line
And they can pad those swivel chairs and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're in the admin mire
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

*Jim/Kim
H/5*



World War II

315th Troop Carrier Group

Association - U.S.A.A.F.

Professor TVSO

2/23/82

I saw your ad in the May 81 Air Force magazine discussing your book of Air Force Songs of WWII and that you hoped for publication by Sept 1st - 81 entitled The winged muse: songs of the US Air Force.

If possible I'd like to purchase one of your books. Our unit the 315th Troop Carrier Group will be having our next reunion at the Radisson Hotel in Chicago Sept of this year. I'm sure our group would be interested in seeing the book and perhaps buy a number of them for this & future reunions for song fests.

I also recall many of the songs
by the R.A.F. when I was attached
with the British 8th Army in North
Africa, Sicily & Italy. If you
have a song book or access to
one of the RAFs' I'd be interested in
getting one from that source also.

If you require pre-payment for
your book please advise the cost
& I'll forward you a check.

Thanking you in advance,

Sincerely

J H Peterson
221 E Hewitt
MARquette, MI 49855

JH "Boat" Peterson

0874

John R. Gots

13 Lark Lane, Lakewood, N.J. 458-3636

PIANIST - TEACHER - SONGWRITER

December 18 1981

Words & Music

By

John R. Gots
Writer of

Hold Me In
Your Arms

Somewhere
Someone Cares

You Belong
To Me

Till The End
of Another Day

Get Into The
Shadows of The
Sun

You Are Forever
Ours

In This Great
World

I'll Always Be
In Love With
You

You Can't Win
Them All

Love Will Go
On Forever

Wherever
You Are

I Want To
Be Good

Please Don't
Forget

Even Tho

It's Our
American Flag

I'm For You
America

God-Bless Our
New Jersey

Joseph F. Tusso, Head
Professor of English
Lt.Col., USAF-(Ret.)
College of Arts and Sciences
Department of English
Box 3E/Las Cruces, New Mexico. 88003.

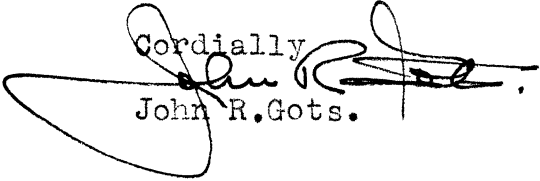
Dear Sir:

I write you as I am very curious as to the results and progress you have/or are making with your Book of Air Forces Lyrics.

Have you completed the Book? If not do you do you feel this will be accomplished in the very near future? If and when your Book is completed can I obtain a copy? Please advise when and where I can purchase this Book.

Again let me thank you so much for including my lyrics of my songs in your Book. I am looking forward of hearing from you in the very near future."God Bless You"-- Have a very Happy Holiday Season.

Cordially


John R. Gots.

MEMBER: AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS - NATIONAL GUILD OF PIANO TEACHERS - NATIONAL SONGWRITERS GUILD
National Retired Teachers Association ASCAP - AGAC

John R. Gots

08701

13 Lark Lane, Lakewood, N.J. 458-3636

PIANIST - TEACHER - SONGWRITER

March 2 1982

Words & Music
By
John R. Gots
Writer of

Hold Me In
Your Arms

Somewhere
Someone Cares

You Belong
To Me

Till The End
of Another Day

Get Into The
Shadows of The
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On Forever

Wherever
You Are

I Want To
Be Good

Please Don't
Forget

Even Tho

It's Our
American Flag

I'm For You
America

God-Bless Our
New Jersey

New Mexico State University
College of Arts & Sciences
Box 3/E Las Cruces, New Mexico. 88003.
Personal Director:

Dear Sir:


I Would Appreciate very much if you would help with any information regarding Mr. Joseph F. Tusso-Head Professor of English, LT.Col. USAF (Ret).

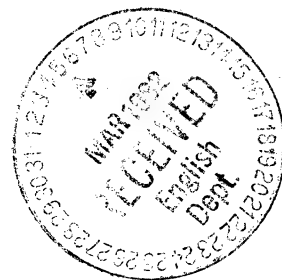
I wrote to him several times in the past few months at the above address and haven't received any reply.

Whatever information you can forward to me will be greatly appreciated.

Thanking you for same.

Sincerely


John R. Gots.



MEMBER: AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS - NATIONAL GUILD OF PIANO TEACHERS - NATIONAL SONGWRITERS GUILD
National Retired Teachers Association ASCAP - AGAC.

SONGS

WE NEVER QUITE REMEMBER



506TH TAC FTR Wg
TINKER AFB, OKLA
SUMMER, 1958

INTRODUCTION TO

The Art of Mass Participation in Vocal Discord Utilizing Similar Bawdy Lyrics

It has been brought to my attention that on several occasions members of this organization have been found in various abodes lifting their multi-colored voices in the pleasant participation of singing.

Unfortunately, this multi-colored din has been shadowed by an overanxious attempt at emitting lyrics utilizing different words by different people.....at the same time! As dynamic personnel of a dynamic fighting command, we have a grave responsibility to insure that our efforts at singing are not clouded by disunity.

Let us then turn our attention to the lusty ballads found within the pages of this magnificent conglomeration of verses which, for some strange reason, have never quite reached the "Top 40 Tunes" because of those hideous creatures, the censors.

Certain happy ditties contained herein are extremely strong-worded to such an extent that the ladies present and the management, under whose auspices we hold our mass participations, might be tempted to shower us with uncomplimentary phrases (without music) and eventually cast us out into the hinterlands. Thus, proper caution and decorum must be observed in choosing the various musical morsels for the singing agenda.

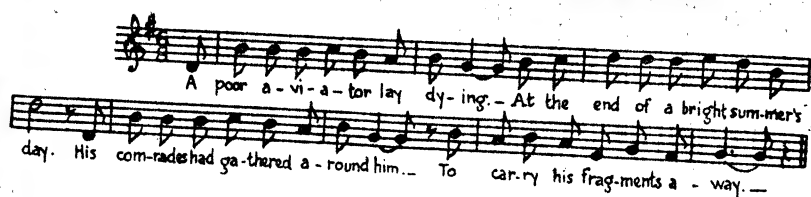
There is, of course, no objection to using all of the lyrics in this publication at the proper gathering of a specific clan (such as those unusual characters, the fighter pilots). The main point to remember as we begin our vocal discord, utilizing similar lyrics, is to..
ALL SING THE SAME DAMN WORDS!

Now, if you will, please open your books to page one and.....
"HEAVEN HELP US!"

Joseph L. Laughlin
JOSEPH L. LAUGHLIN
Colonel, USAF
Commander

Ed. note. THE 506TH FLEW F-100s.
IT WAS DEACTIVATED IN OCTOBER, 1958.

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING



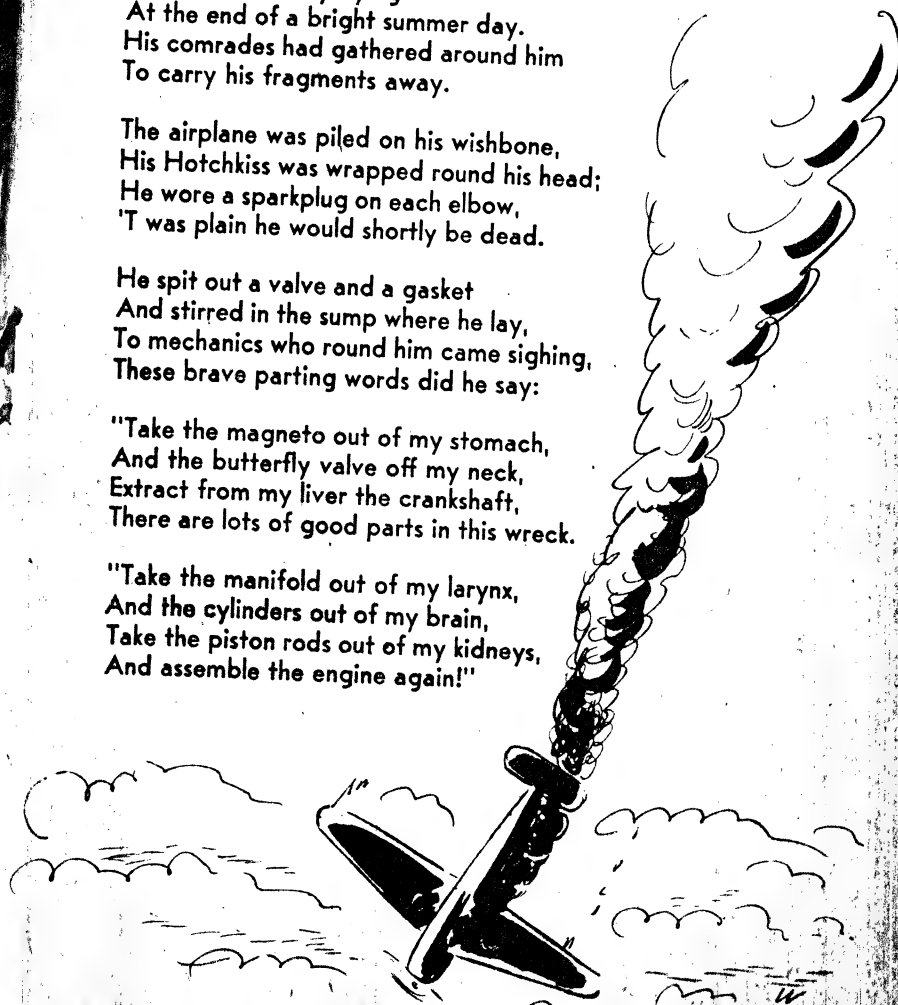
A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day.
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

The airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His Hotchkiss was wrapped round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'T was plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing,
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck,
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again!"



or guitar)

ails,
males —

with song —

terrific





DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS AIR WEATHER SERVICE (MAC)
SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE, ILLINOIS 62225

19 May 1981

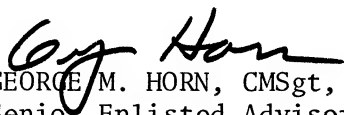
Professor Joseph Tusso
Dept of English
Box 3E
New Mexico State University
Las Cruces, New Mexico 88001

Dear Professor Tusso

In response to your request in the May 1981 Air Force Magazine, I'm enclosing "The Air Weather Service Song," an unofficial lyric set to the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." We found the first article in an old issue of the AWS Observer, our house newspaper, and ran another article on the subject in February 1980. You're welcome to use it if you like. Incidentally, no one ever came across with the 514th Songbook, but I think we'd both be interested in what that contains.

Good luck with your project! Can't wait to buy a copy.

Sincerely


GEORGE M. HORN, CMSgt, USAF
Senior Enlisted Advisor

- 3 Atch
1. AWS Song Refound
2. AWS Forgotten Song, Feb 80
3. The Air Weather Service
Song

AWS/CMS
Det 4 APO, IL.
62225

AWS Song Refound

The AWS Song

I'll never forget the day was wet
The General wanted to fly
He said, "My Boy is it O.K."
For Me to go on high?"
When I said, "No, it's going to snow,"
You should have seen him frown,
Say I'm the only boy who's ever
Kept the General down.

CHORUS:

We are the men
The weather men
We may be wrong
Oh now and then
But when you see
Our planes on high—igh
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly

I read the codes and spot the plot
My maps are very neat
With isotherms and millibars
These charts are most repiete.
I slip the slide-rule, check the graph.
Consult the weather vane,
I order sunshine every day
But all I get is rain.

CHORUS:

The teletype hops, synoptic shots
Anomometer's going around
My pressure lines are intertwined
The fronts are on the ground.
The winds that go from high to low
Have blown me off the track
I'll have to throw my books away
And use the almanac.

CHORUS:

I fly reconnaissance every day
In my Baker-Twenty-Nine;
My double drifts and ascent rates
Are always out of line.
The "naviguesser" missed his fix
The crew is all a-fright.
But that's the way it always is
On a weather recon flight.

CHORUS:

In Hurricane's and Typhoon's eyes
I ride the thermals through,
And by the time we're half way there
My seat is black and blue.
The lightning strikes, the thunder roars,

Research Reveals Author of Lyrics To Classic Melody

It was recently discovered that the Air Weather Service has a song. The Observer staff has gone to considerable effort to trace the origin and history of this epic piece. Extensive research indicates that the original lyrics, to the tune of "McNamara's Band," were written by one Eugene Devereaux during the latter part of 1942.

At the time 2nd Lt. Devereaux was stationed at Fort Warren, a Coast Artillery installation in Boston Harbor, Mass. He was in transit status with a group of students awaiting assignment to a meteorology class at M.I.T. The song was apparently the product of youthful exuberance during idle hours.

After World War II Mr. Devereaux rose to even more exalted heights as a song writer, producing parodies to such American favorites as "I'm My Own Grandpa," and "I'm Married to a Strip-tease Dancer." The last of these was written for the opening of a new U.S. Steel plant, just south of Morrisville, Pa., and figured quite prominently in the ceremonies.

Mr. Devereaux now lives the comparatively quiet life of a school teacher at Merrick, Long Island, though it is rumored in some quarters that he had a hand in the writing that epic of the Korean action, "Just a Little Hole, on the Other Side of Seoul."

Support to Army Regular Routine For 8th Group

One of the unsung and seldom noted missions of AWS is part of every-day operations for men of the 8th Weather group at Scott AFB, Ill.

The mission is weather support for the US Army for the 8th Group provides regular weather service for the 6th Armored division and Fort Leonard Wood at Rolla, Mo. Forecasts are submitted daily Monday through Friday.

Forecasts for the Army unit are for a three-day period and include maximum and minimum temperatures, winds and minimum humidities.

ATCH 1

Kept the General down.

CHORUS:

We are the men
The weather men
We may be wrong
Oh now and then
But when you see
Our planes on high--igh
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly.

I read the codes and spot the plot
My maps are very neat
With isotherms and millibars
These charts are most replete.
I slip the slide-rule, check the graph,
Consult the weather vane,
I order sunshine every day
But all I get is rain.

CHORUS:

The teletype hops, synoptic shots
Anemometer's going around
My pressure lines are intertwined
The fronts are on the ground.
The winds that go from high to low
Have blown me off the track
I'll have to throw my books away
And use the almanac.

CHORUS:

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Are always out of line.
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The crew is all a-fright
But that's the way it always is
On a weather recon flight.

CHORUS:

In Hurricane's and Typhoon's eyes
I ride the thermals through,
And by the time we're half way there
My seat is black and blue.
The lightning strikes, the thunder roars,
The sea looks awfully rough,
The wind is blowing a hundred knots,
I swear, I've had enough.

CHORUS:

Oh we're the weather boys, you see
We catch it in the slats
From passing out misleading dope
To people down in MATS.
But you'll always find us singing
For we're never ever blue,
Oh we're the weather boys, you see
And who the H are you?

CHORUS:

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Forecasts for the Army unit are for a three-day period and include maximum and minimum temperatures, winds and minimum humidities.

Transmission of this data to the using agencies is made by military and commercial wire communications facilities.

Provision of this service is part of a program of weather support to the Army installation which was inaugurated in late 1953.

The program also provides for severe weather warning service, when appropriate and special forecasts on request from the Army units.

This job being done by the 8th Group is illustrative of the services being provided by many AWS units around the world to the support of the US Army.

TSgt. J. B.
adviser.

present was a
ing of two Zebras
ed by all 14 class
rs.

AT CHANUTE — Brig. Gen. Albert J. Kaehn Jr., AWS commander, shows off the Zebra painting presented to

TSgt. J.B. McCleod, class adviser, by CMSgt. Chuck Miller, class leader. (U.S. Air Force Photo)

people awards

MAC commander in chief, sent his congratulations to the winners in a message which stated:

"I know the competition was very keen. To be selected as the best among peers is a distinct honor. I commend you for representing the Military Airlift Command in a superior manner.

"You are adding strength to our great nation with your outstanding service to the United States Air Force. I'm proud of you and value your talents."

Chanute

Weather Forecasters," has been printed as AWS Forecasters Memo 79/008 and will be summarized in the soon-to-be published Air Force Global Weather Central Technical Note 79-2.

Civilian Instructor of the Month

Steven P. Weaver, instructor the weather supplemental courses, has been chosen Chanute AFB's Civilian Instructor of the Month.

Weaver, who was also selected as the 3350th Technical Training Group's Civilian Instructor of the Year for 1979, came to Chanute in November 1978 from the White Sands Missile Range, N.M.

Sing-along time

AWS recalls 'forgotten' song

By CMSgt. George Horn

We have insignia, a newspaper and a lot of other unique things, but a lot of us probably aren't aware that we have our own AWS song.

In the early 1940s, 2nd Lt. Eugene Devereaux, then assigned to Fort Warren, Mass., awaiting assignment to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and meteorological training, wrote the following lyrics, set to the tune of "McNamara's Band."

Lieutenant Devereaux was assisted in this effort by Bob Skinner and Walter Hasterman,

I'll never forget the day was wet
The General wanted to fly
He said, "My Boy is it O.K.
For Me to go on high?"
When I said, "No, it's going to snow,"
You should have seen him frown,
Say I'm the only boy who's ever
Kept the General down.

CHORUS

We are the men
The weather men
We may be wrong
Oh now and then
But when you see
Our planes on high—igh
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly.

I read the codes and spot the plot
My maps are very neat
With isotherms and millibars
These charts are most replete.
I slip the slide-rule, check the graph,
Consult the weather van,
I order sunshine every day
But all I get is rain.

CHORUS:

The teletype hops, synoptic shots
Anomometer's going around
My pressure lines are intertwined
The fronts are on the ground.
The winds that go from high to low
Have blown me off the track

and Hasterman is said to have sung the song on a Boston radio station in 1942.

Mrs. Barbara Istvan, stationed on Guam with her husband in the early '50s, added the last three verses to recognize weather recon's contribution, and the complete version was included in the 514th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron Songbook, now a scarce collector's item.

If anyone out there has a copy they'd trust us with long enough to copy, we'd appreciate it.

Everybody ready? All together now—

I'll have to throw my books away
And use the almanac.

CHORUS:

I fly reconnaissance very day
In my Baker-Twenty-Nine;
My double drifts and ascent rates
Are Always out of line.
The "naviguesser" missed his fix
The crew is all a-fright
But that's the way it always is
On a weather recon flight.

CHORUS:

In Hurricane's and Typhoon's eyes
I ride the thermals through,
And by the time we're half way there
My seat is black and blue.
The lightning strikes, the thunder roars,
The sea looks awfully rough,
The wind is blowing a hundred knots,
I swear, I've had enough.

CHORUS:

Oh we're the weather boys, you see
We catch it in the slats
From passing out misleading dope
To people down in MATS.
But you'll always find us singing
For we're never ever blue;
Oh we're the weather boys you see
And who the H... are you?

CHORUS:

☆ U.S. Government Printing Office: 1980-665-151-6

Feb 80

ATCH 2

THE AIR WEATHER SERVICE SONG

In the early 1940s, 2Lt Eugene Devereaux, then assigned to Fort Warren, Massachusetts, awaiting assignment to Meteorological Training at MIT, wrote new lyrics to the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Lt Devereaux was assisted by Bob Skinner and Walter Hasteman, who is said to have sung the song on a Boston radio station in 1942. Mrs Barbara Istvan, stationed on Guam with her husband in the early '50s, added the last three verses to recognize the weather reconnaissance side of the weather business. The complete version appeared in the 514th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron Songbook.

I'll never forget, the day was wet
The general wanted to fly.
He said, "My boy, is it OK, for me
to go on high?"
When I said, "No, it's going to
snow,"
You should have seen him frown.
Say I'm the only boy who's ever
Kept the general down.

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong,
Oh, now and then,
But, when you see,
Our planes on high--igh,
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly.

I read the codes and spot the plot
My maps are very neat.
With isotherms and millibars,
These charts are most replete.
I slip the slide-rule, check the
graph,
Consult the weather vane.
I order sunshine every day,
But all I get is rain.

The teletype hops, synoptic shots,
Anomometer's going around.
My pressure lines are intertwined,
The fronts are on the ground.
The winds that go from high to low,
Have blown me off the track.
I'll have to throw my books away,
And use the almanac.

I fly reconnaissance every day,
In my Baker Twenty-nine.
My double drifts and ascent rates
Are always out of line.
The "naviguesser" mixed his fix,
The crew is all a-fright.
But that's the way it always is
On a weather recon flight.

In hurricane's and typhoon's eyes,
I ride the thermals through
And by the time we're halfway
there,
My seat is black and blue.
The lightning strikes, the thunder
roars,
The sea looks awfully rough;
The wind is blowing a hundred
knots,
I swear I've had enough.

Oh, we're the weather boys, you
see,
We catch it in the slats,
From passing out misleading dope
To people down in MATS.
But you'll always find us singing,
For we're never ever blue;
Oh, we're the weather boys, you
see,
And who the hell are you?

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE

HEADQUARTERS AIR WEATHER SERVICE (MAC)
SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE, ILLINOIS 62225




6 October 1981

Mr Joseph F. Tuso
Head Professor of English
Lt Col, USAF (Retired)
Box 3E
Las Cruces, New Mexico 88003

Dear Professor Tuso

Just stumbled over another song I've never seen nor heard. It was in one of the "Impact" Volumes (can't recall which one), and I thought it was rather good. Hope you can use it.

Sincerely


GEORGE M. HORN, CMSgt, USAF
Senior Enlisted Advisor

1 Atch
Air vs Rail Song

GLOBAL IN MISSION — PROFESSIONAL IN ACTION

AIR vs. RAIL

But Sad Ballad of an Axis 'Casey Jones' Has No Overtones of Post-War Competition

*We're a-goin' to tell you, in explosive tones,
An Axis version of "Casey Jones."
On the fourteenth of January, '44,
A train crew learned about the B-24.*

*The engineer mounted to the cabin,
Amiens to Rouen, orders in his hand,
The engineer mounted to the cabin,
Took a farewell trip to the promised land.*

*At 20 miles an hour, comin' round the bend,
The train steamed on to its journey's end,
Just north of Poix, as on it sped,
There were five big bombers overhead.*

*Smack on the viaduct, nom du nom!
The train was a-facin' a quarter-ton bomb,
It was only one of a hundred and eight
That fell without warning around that
freight.*

*Those bombs were precisely on the beam
And then the brakes began to scream,
The engineer shuddered, the fireman, too,
Even the whistle blew "Sacre bleu!"*

*The engineer can't turn and go back,
If he stops too soon he will jump the track.
And look at those bomb bursts up ahead,
If he doesn't think fast they will all be dead.*

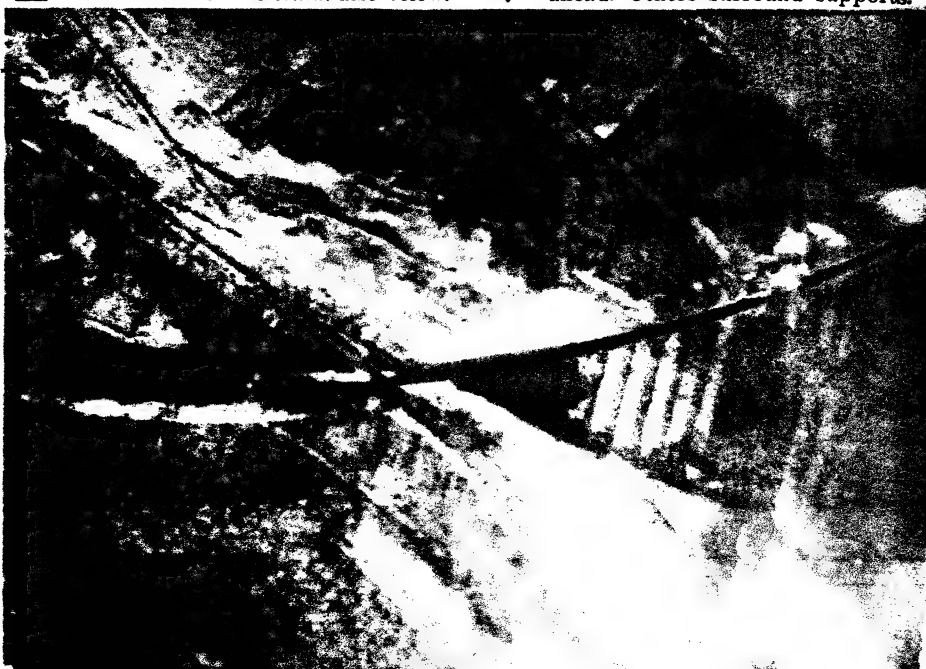
That's about all there is, folks, except that for the five B-24s this was a target of opportunity. Subsequent reconnaissance did not reveal the fate of the train although the height of the smoke shadows clearly reveals that at least one bomb was squarely on the viaduct. The speed of the train is figured from the distance the train traveled between photos together with the probable speed of the B-24s. When the brakes were applied, the train was 900 feet from the bomb bursts ahead. The engineer might have been able to stop but his predicament points up one advantage a plane has over a train:

*You can have good brakes and lots of
traction,
But a train can't take evasive action.*



ON APPROACH, viaduct isn't visible. Arrow shows train, also below.

ONE BOMB hits viaduct, 900 feet ahead. Others surround supports.



KINK IN SMOKE plus fact that train hasn't moved as far as between first two pictures shows that brakes are on. There are bursts on all sides now.



Part of Toby's

unpublished

ms-

"What the Capt
means".

The twelve songs appearing in this book are original lyric compositions. The words were written to be sung to the tunes of Marty Robbins's excellent series of albums of "Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs." For those jocks who still like to sing around the bar, the appropriate tune is identified with the title of each song.

TH

Good targets were not always easy to find. In spite of what some people preferred to believe, we didn't indiscriminately clobber everything that moved.

A large concentration of Viet Cong or NVA seen in daylight was usually a good indicator that something was brewing, and to the FACs who discovered targets of this nature went the thanks of many a South Vietnamese village that might otherwise have suffered at the hands of these "liberators".

To those who knew what happened at places like Dak Sanh, where VC troops liberated every man, woman, and child with flamethrowers, or at Hue, where 3000 died during Tet of 1968, it was a special privilege to find "160 VC in the open."

160 VC IN THE OPEN
(160 Acres in the Valley)

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open,
And ten or twenty North Vietnamese.
Got to get some Air, put a strike down there
Before they can make it to the trees.

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open;
It's a target that you don't find every day,
So I call the DASC and I quickly ask,
"Please get some fighters on their way."

Number one
Should have a gun
And a load of what we call "Incindigel."
Send number two
With CBU.
When they get here we can really give 'em Hell.

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open.
I've got a flight of F-100s up above.
I've got my Willy Pete smokin' at their feet;
It's the kind of situation that I love.

I've got my Willy Pete smokin' at their feet;
It's the kind of situation that I love.

Tally-Ho was the southernmost part of the North Vietnamese panhandle. It covered approximately the area between the DMZ and Dong Hoi. All infiltration of troops and supplies coming through the DMZ had to pass through that narrow bit of real estate. (There were other routes into South Vietnam, but that's another song.) Tally-Ho was a good place to stop them, if you could find them.

Tally-Ho was as far as most of us got into North Vietnam. It was far enough. I've been told by friends who flew the "way up North" war what a milk run Tally-Ho was, and I guess compared to Hanoi, using over-Hanoi tactics, it was. But we didn't use those tactics. Armed reconnaissance was tough, and at night it was a bitch. Flying up and down the roads of North Vietnam at altitudes that allowed close observation of those roads, on nights darker than the inside of a cow, tended at times to water one's eyes.

The idea, of course, day or night, was to look for supply convoys heading south. If you found one, you hit it. You stayed on the road until fuel or ordnance was gone. Sometimes while looking for trucks you found gun sites. Sometimes they found you. It was then that you played the game called "You Bet Your Ass." It was one-on-one with the gunner on the ground. The winner lived; the loser died. A tie meant that you had to come back tomorrow and play again.

And when you won! When it was over and you were heading south over the water, your flight suit wringing wet, the bright orange tracers and dirty gray puffs still ricocheting around in your eyeballs, what was the feeling?

Fright? No, too late for that.

Relief? No, too early for that.

Exhilaration! Yes. Of a degree and kind never before experienced. It cannot be put into words, but the late Ian Fleming came very close.

"You only live twice:

Once when you're born,

Once when you look death in the face." 1/

1/ Ian Fleming, You Only Live Twice, 1964, Glidrose Productions Ltd. Used by permission.

ARMED RECCE
(The Fastest Gun Around)

In the skies of Southeast Asia
Where the fighter pilots dwell,
There's a mission that you'll fly a lot;
You'll get to know it well.

They call it Armed Reconnaissance;
You fly it fast and low
In the southern part of Package One
That's known as Tally-Ho.

You're briefed on the defenses
All along the route you'll fly.
You're scared, but still you've got to go,
And so you take the sky.

You get pre-strike refueling
And you take your flight on down;
Cross the coast at Butterfly
And start to move around.

You're headed north up Route 1-A,
The road looks clean and bare,
But a truck is mighty hard to see
> From one mile in the air.

You know you've got to take it down
Though your heart is in your mouth.
Now dead ahead's the Ferry,
That's the point you'll turn back south.

Then suddenly your heart stops
As you see the thing you dread.
Triple-A is coming up
And it fills the sky ahead.

You fake a turn to left
And then you break hard up and right,
Then your wingman's in with CBU
And that's a pretty sight.

And now you're heading south again
And really movin' 'round
To make a tougher target
For the gunners on the ground.

And it's then you see the convoy
Sittin' still beside the road.
Arm up all your switches
And prepare to dump your load.

Touch off afterburner
And pop up into the sun,
But keep the convoy in your sight
And start to make your run.

Then the gunners start to shoot again,
You see the flak ahead.
Then it's bursting all around you
And the sky is filled with lead.

You can't go left; you can't go right,
The flak is all around,
So keep the convoy in your sight
And keep on boring down.

Pickle off your bomb load
And then pull and trust to luck
That the triple-A will miss you
And your bombs will hit the truck.

But the flak is coming closer
And your eyes are filled with tears,
And before you reach the coastline
You have aged a hundred years.

Then suddenly you're out of it,
The water's down below.
Breathe easy now, but don't relax,
'Cause sure as Hell you know

That tomorrow is another day,
And once again you'll go
To the southern part of Package One
And recce Tally-Ho.

"The Cam Ranh Trilogy"

The following three songs are the only ones in the book actually written during the tour. The others, as previously stated, were conceived at the time, but no effort was made to put them on paper until 1971.

Just before leaving Southeast Asia, and as a favor for some friends, I recorded these three on tape, leaving them with instructions not to let the tape be copied, as I planned on including them in a book. One has to know fighter pilots and their love of fighter pilot songs to understand that I was neither upset nor surprised to find that copies of the tape were all over Southeast Asia within thirty days. One copy actually arrived back in the States ahead of me.

The songs have been well-received. One of them, "Tchepone", has probably been sung in every fighter pilot bar in SEA, as well as several in the States.

So be it. Glad you enjoyed it, guys.

Years ago, the small village of Tchepone ceased to exist except as a military encampment. This is an historical fact of the Southeast Asian conflict that was borne out in 1972 when the South Vietnamese Army gained entry into the "small, peaceful hamlet."

Strategically located at a major junction astride the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the town had long ago been taken over by the North Vietnamese, who used the village as a barracks, storage, and staging area for troops and supplies infiltrating into South Vietnam. The hills and valleys around Tchepone were literally full of war materials waiting to be used.

There were also quite a large number of AAA guns on those hills. How many, we never knew. (Who had time to count?) But we were constantly being made aware of their presence. The reconnaissance pilots knew it, and the fighter jocks knew it. If you went near Tchepone, you were going to be shot at. If you didn't know it, it took just one mission to learn.

"Tchepone" is about a fictitious jock, sent by a fictitious colonel on a fictitious mission. The part about the ground fire is fact. We who conducted the research can attest to that.

This song was one of the favorites of some friends of mine. It was written for them then; it is dedicated to them now: The men of the 557th Tactical Fighter Squadron, the "Sharkbaits" of 1967-68. We did have some times.

TCHEPONE
(The Strawberry Roan)

I was hangin' 'round Ops, just spendin' my time,
Off of the schedule, not earnin' a dime.
A colonel comes up and he says, "I suppose
You fly a fighter, from the cut of your clothes."

He figures me right, I'm a good one, I say.
"Do you happen to have me a target today?"
Says yes, he does, a real easy one.
"No sweat, my boy, it's an old-time milk run."

I gets all excited and asks where it's at,
He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat.
"It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home,
A small, peaceful hamlet that's known as Tchepone."
(Ah, you'll sure love Tchepone.)

I go get my g-suit and strap on my gun,
Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run,
Fire up my Phantom and take to the air;
Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care.

In forty-five minutes we're over the town;
From twenty-eight thousand we're screamin' on down;
Arm up the switches and dial in the mils;
Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below,
Of destruction that's coming, they surely don't know.
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,
And on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone.
(Unsuspecting, peaceful, Tchepone.)

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right.
I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight.
I pickle those beauties at two-point-five grand,
Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

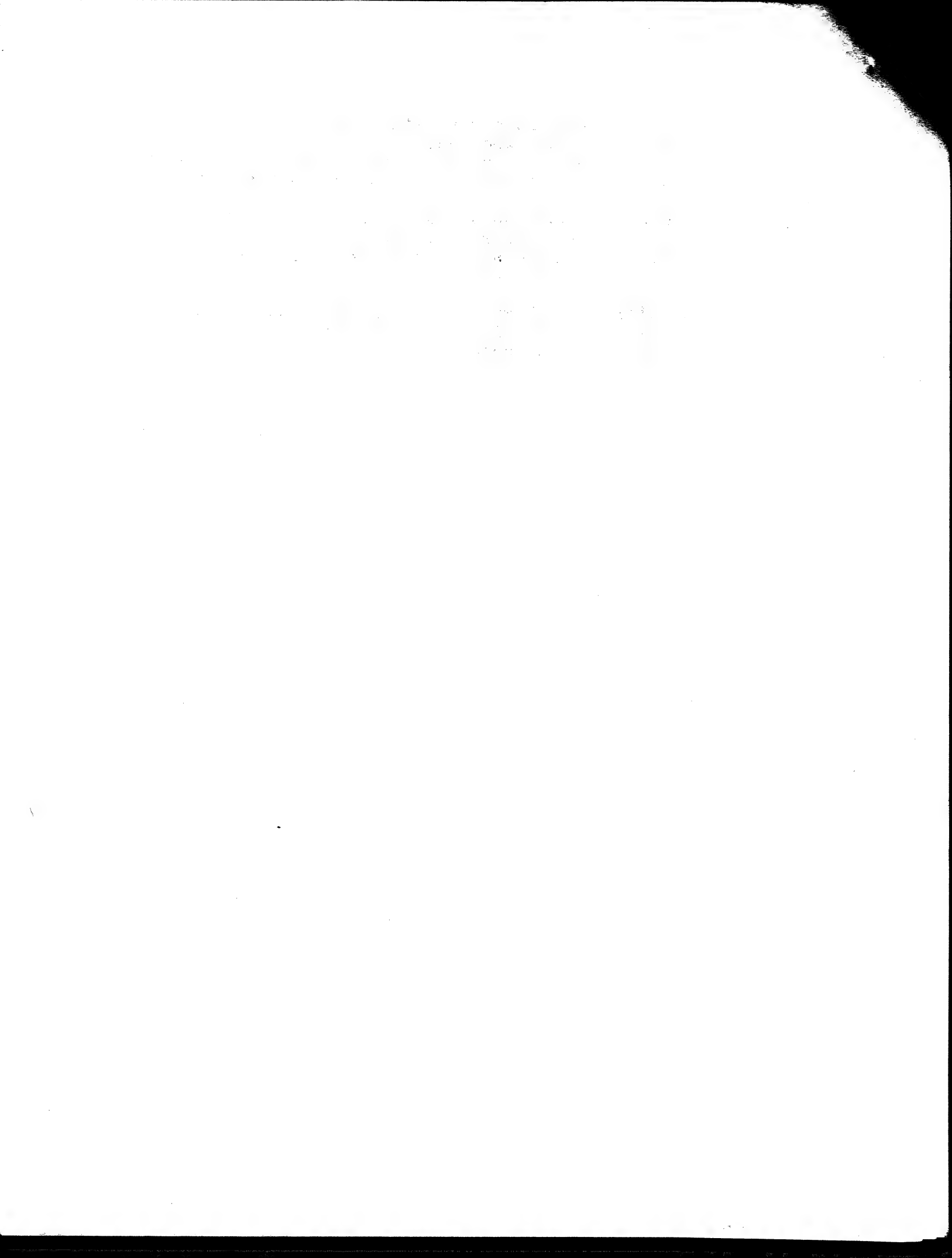
A black puff in front and then two off the right,
Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight.
There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack;
It's scattered-to-broken with all kinds of flak.

I jink hard to left and head out for the blue;
My wingman says "Lead! They're shooting at you!"
"No bull!" I cry as I point it toward home;
Still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.
(Dirty, deadly, Tchepone.)

I make it back home with six holes in my bird.
With the colonel who sent me, I'd sure like a word.
But he's nowhere around, though I look near and far;
He's gone back to Seventh to help run the war.

I've been 'round this country for many a day;
I've seen the things that they're throwin' my way.
I know that there's places I don't like to go,
Down in the Delta and in Tally-Ho.

But I'll bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone.
(Oh, don't go to Tchepone.)



Some depe we found--

IN ANTICIPATION OF THAT 30 DAYS LEAVE

MEMORANDUM: All Hands.

1. In compliance with current policies for rotation of armed forces overseas, it is directed that in order to maintain this high standard of character of the American sailor and soldier and to prevent any dishonor reflecting on the uniform, all individuals eligible for return to the U.S. under current directives will undergo an indoctrination course of demobilization prior to approval of his application for return.

2. The following will be emphasized in the subject indoctrination course;

3. In America, there are a remarkable number of beautiful girls. These young ladies have not been liberated and many are gainfully employed as stenographers, sales girls, beauty operators, or welders. Contrary to current practices, they should not be greeted with a resounding wolf howl, hound-dog bay, or Great Dane bark. A proper greeting is, "Isn't it a lovely day?", or "Have you ever been to Chicago?" This should be said in a controlled, well modulated voice.

4. A typical American breakfast consists of such strange foods as canteloupes, fresh eggs, milk, ham, etc. These are highly palatable and, though strange in appearance, are extremely tasty. Butter, made from cream, is often served. If you wish some butter, you turn to the person nearest it and say quietly, "Please pass the butter." You do not say, "Throw me the g-d d--ned grease."

5. In the event the helmet is retained by the individual, he will refrain from using it as a chair, wash bowl, foot-bath, etc. All these devices are furnished in the average American home. It is not considered good practice to squat native fashion in a corner in the event all chairs are occupied. The hostess will usually provide suitable seats.

6. American dinners, in most cases, consist of several items, each served in a separate dish. The common practice of mixing various items, such as cornbeef and pudding, or lima beans and peaches, to make them more palatable will be refrained from. In time, the "separate dishes" will become enjoyable.

7. Americans have a strange taste for stimulants. The drinks in common use in the Pacific, such as underripe coconut "kava", five "Ulcers", pineapple "swipe", or just gasoline, bitters, and water (commonly known by the Hawaiian term "Okolehau") are not ordinarily acceptable in civilian circles. These drinks should not be served.

8. Upon leaving a friend's home after a visit, one may find his hat misplaced. Frequently, it has been placed in a closet. One should turn to one's host and say, "Don't seem to have my hat. Could you help me find it?" Do not say, "Don't anyone leave this room, some s.o.b. has stolen my hat."

9. In traveling in the U.S., particularly in a strange city, it is often necessary to spend the night. Hotels are provided for this purpose and almost anyone can give directions to the nearest hotel. Here, for a small sum, one can register and be shown to a room where he may sleep for the night. The present practice of entering the nearest house, throwing the occupants into the yard and taking over the premises will cease.

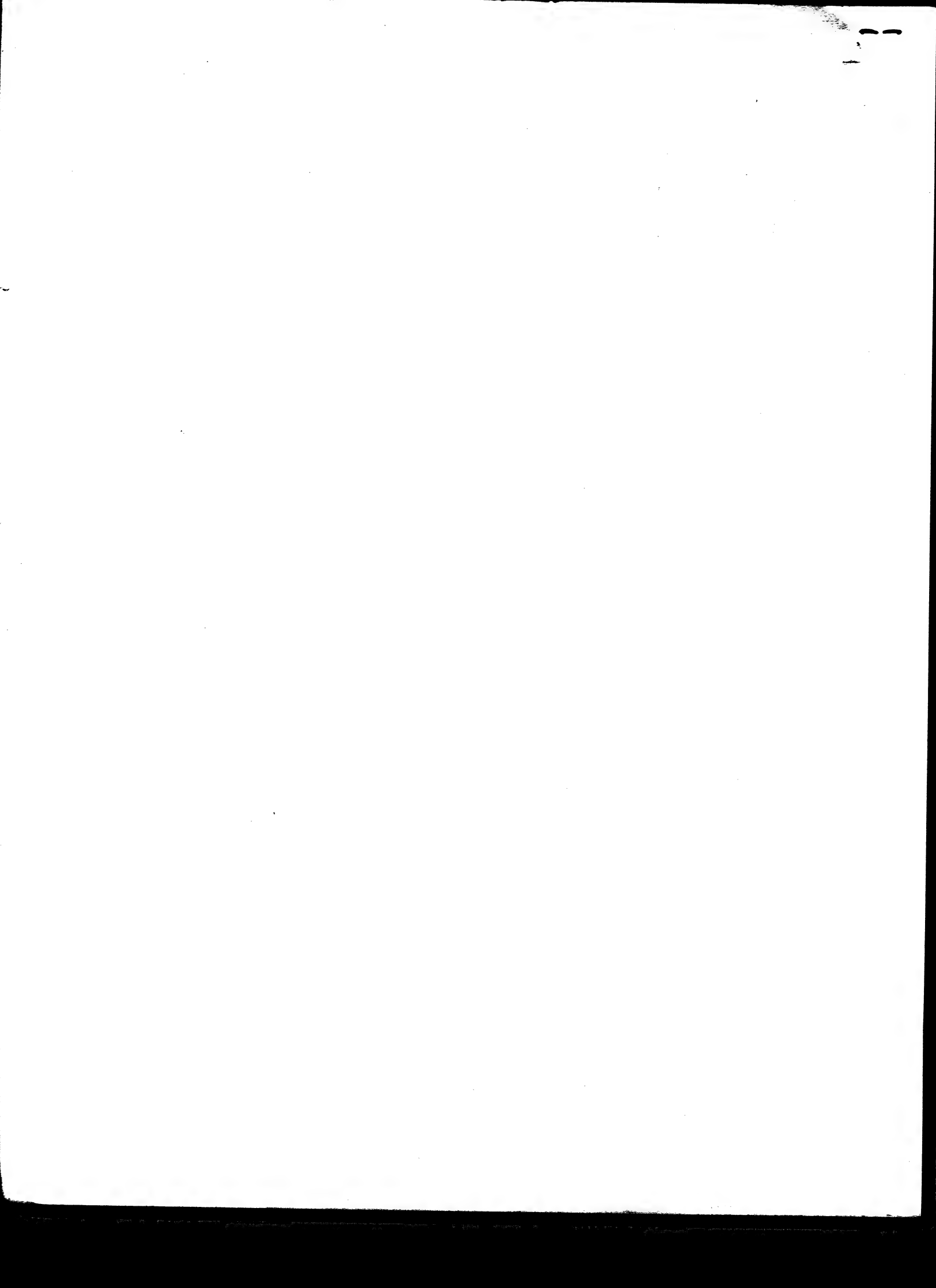
10. Whisky, a common American drink, may be offered to the sailor on social occasions. It is considered a reflection on the uniform to snatch the bottle from the hostess and drain the bottle, cork and all. All individuals are cautioned to exercise the extreme of control in these circumstances.

11. Upon retiring, one will often find a pair of pajamas laid out on the bed. (Pajamas, it should be explained, are two pieces of garment which are donned after all clothing has been removed.) The soldier or sailor, when confronted by these garments, should assume an air of familiarity and act as though he were used to them. A casual remark such as, "My, what a delicate shade of blue", will usually suffice. Under no circumstances say, "How in the hell do you expect me to sleep in a get-up like that?"

12. In motion picture theatres, seats are provided. Helmets are not required. It is not considered good form to whistle every time a female over eight or under ninety crosses the screen. If vision is impaired by the person in the seat in front, there are plenty of other seats which can be occupied. Do not hit him across the back of the head and say, "Move your head, jerk, I can't see a damn thing."

13. Air raids and enemy patrols aren't encountered in America. There is no necessity for wearing the helmet in church or at a social gathering, or to hold the weapon ready, loaded and locked, when talking to a civilian in the street.

14. All individuals returning to the U.S. will make every effort to conform to the customs and habits of the regions visited and to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. Any action which reflects upon the honor of the uniform will promptly be dealt with.



CHUG-A-LUG

(5)

Here's to _____ He's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a rounder, so they say
He tried to get to heaven
But he went the other way

So dring chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug
So drink chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug

Hooray for _____
Hooray at last
Hooray for _____
He's a horses ass

FIGHTER PILOTS

(6)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
The place is full of queers,
Navigators, Bombardiers
But therẽ are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The auto pilot's on,
He's reading sex books in the jahn
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged,
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group
The place is full of brass
Sitting 'round on thier fat ass
Oh there ore no fighter pilots up in group

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
It'll wreck your reputation,
And increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh look at those from SAGE in out club
Oh look at those from SAGE in our club
They don't party they don't sing
The llth does everything
Oh look at those from SAGE in out club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
When a bomber jockey walks into our club

FIGHTER PILOTS (cont'd)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
They are all up above, drinking whiskey, making love,
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

GROUP HEADQUARTERS
(Pepsi-Cola)

(7)

Group headquarters that's the spot
Three bull colonels, that's a lot
Six or seven L.C.s too
Group headquarters is the place for you
Chicken chicken chicken chicken etc.

HAND ON THE THROTTLE (Chant)

(8)

LEADER: Hand on the throttle (Repeat in unison)
All eight of them (Repeat in unison)
Release the brakes (Repeat in unison)
All sixteen of them (Repeat in unison)

ALL SING TOGETHER: Off we go, into the wild blue yonder.... CRASH!\$

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

(9)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much

THE K.C. ROLLS
(Battle hymn of the republic)

(10)

The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
And rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls.

CHORUS: Glory glory water injection
Glory glory water injection
Glory glory water injection
For it rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls
And rolls and rolls and rolls.

The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours.

CHORUS: Glory glory rubber cushions
Glory glory rubber cushions
Glory glory rubber cushions
For it flies for hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours and hours.

NOW HERE'S A TRUE STORY
(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

(11)

Now here's a true story that you ought to hear
The reason why all bomber jockeys are queer
While going through flight school the instructor did shout
It's bombers for you or we're washing you out

They took to the heavens with ten men aboard
And after a week they were all quite bored
And after they landed, or so I've heard tell
Each one of the ten were just queerer than hell (Last line in squeaky voice)

BESIDE A MINNESOTA WATERFALL

(12)

Beside a Minnesota waterfall, one bright and synny day
Beside his shattered 102 a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a near-by tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
And there's poker every night
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing
With many lewd nude women

Oh death where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ting a ling
For you but not for me

Oh... Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye

THE BOEING TANKER
(The great ship Titanic)

(13)

Oh they built the Boeing tanker, and when they were through
They said "Here is a ship that will fly a month or two"
But a wire touched a wire and it started up a fire
It was sad when the K.C. went down

CHORUS: Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad
It was sad when the K.C. went down (into Boston)
Husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost thier lives
It was sad when the K.C. went down

They were cruising over Boston when the colonel gave a shout
"Airman, get below and put that fire out! "
The airmen went below, they were the first to go
It was sad when the K.C. went down

And they were awaiting instructions to bail out
The colonel tried to give them but he couldn't get them out
You see, he had a lisp, so they all burned to a crisp
It was sad when the K.C. went down

THE BOEING TANKER (Cont'd)

The tanker hit old Boston with a terrifying roar
It bore into a school house tween the first and second floor
School busses in the street were filled with cooking meat
It was sad when the K.C. went down

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

(14)

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop and they'll spin but they soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like an arrow but it's gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug but it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolant tank dry you'll soon run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61 for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F- Shooting Star, It'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me an F Shooting Star

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate but they pulled out too late
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an 86-D with over drive and TV
She won't go too fast and she'll clobber your ass
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says she really will climb
They're all in the states all boxed up in their crates
Don't give me an F-89

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Cont)

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an F-one oh oh, it flies like a sled we all know
It may go mach one, but that's not much fun
Don't give me an F-one oh oh

Don't give me an F-101, the pilots don't have any fun
It's engines are twins but it still augers in
Don't give me an F-101

Don't give me an F-102 the dart that you see in the blue
Their pilots all wail that it has no tail
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104 some call it a dirty old whore (girl)
It may hurt a Mig but it's still just a pig
Don't give me an F-104

I WANNA GO HOME

(15)

I wanna go home, I wanna go home
I don't want to fly in this farce any more
Leave the mess for the regular corp
Take me off alert
I'm too young to get hurt
Oh...My... I'm too young to die
I just wanna go home

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(16)

It was midnight in Duluth, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____ and this is what he said
(I hate this bloody place)
"Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all
Night fighters, gentle night fighters." and the pilots shouted "BALLS"
When up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those goddam 102s and shove them up your ass."

CHORUS: Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah
Throw a nickle in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah
Throw a nickle in the grass and you'll be saved

Lying in the gutter, all covered over with beer
Pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came the glorious Airforce to save me from the hearse
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse

I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright
I turned from base to final, my God I pulled it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday spin instructions please

⑥

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (Cont'd)

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Heard a call from mobile, "Pull up and go around! "
I yanked that deuce up in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost spit, the gear came through the floor

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(17)

(Bless 'em all)

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Convair for building this jet
I know a man who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go right through the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, Throught the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

SHARECROP

(18)

(You are my sunshine)

You are my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop
You guide my fighters through skies of grey
I chase your bogies from here to Fargo
Just to find they went the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard a Sharecrop controller say
I've got a bogie way down by Bismark
Won't you head your jet that-a-way

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Bismark and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope

You were my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swinging, they heard me singing
Won't you take my sharecrop away

THREE JOLLY PILOTS

(19)

Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel
Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel
Then they decided to
Then they decided to
Then they decided to.....
Have another brew or two

CHORUS: Drink, drink and let's be gay
Drink, drink and let's be gay
Drink, drink and let's be gay
Let's have another

For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober
For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober
Fades as the lilly fades
Fades as the lilly fades
Fades as the lilly fades
And dies by next October

But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow
But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow
Lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a happy fellow

BROWN MOUSE

(20)

Oh... The whiskey was spilt on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When... Out of his hole crept a little brown mouse
And he sat in the pale moon light

He... licked up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And... all night long you could hear him shout
Bring on your goddam cat

O'LEARY'S BAR

(21)

Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When the gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of these Airforce men, and how they come and go.
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar
So remember your sisters and mothers, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE

(29)

They're digging up father's grave to make a sewer
They're going about the job at some expense
They're disturbing his remains
To put in four inch drains
To satisfy some local residents... Gor Blimey

So when they get the urge to deficate some
Father will return to right the wrong
He'll dress up in his white sheets
And haunt the ~~gh~~house seats
And not a bloody one will stay for long... Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't the bloody bastards rant and rave
They had so damn much nerve
They'll get what they deserve
For buggerin' up a British workman's grave.

BOOZIN BUDDIES

(30)

A Fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

Up in headquarters they scream and they shout
Bosom buddies while boozin
Talking of things they know nothing about
Bosom buddies while boozin

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE

(31)

Come on and join the Airforce, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study, and soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come on and join the Airforce and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train, If you're an Airforce flyer
Just about the time you get to general you'll find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in, and you will never mind

You take it up and spin it, and with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in, but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit, But you will never mind

COME AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE (Cont'd)

While flying over the ocean you hear your engine spit
You watch the prop, come to a stop, the goddam thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim, the shore is far behind
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

While flying over Boston in an F-104
There's just one thing to remember, as I have said before
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will spit and git

And if some wiley Mig 19 should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and belly ache and call that bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk, and pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well, and you will never mind

PRANG EM ALL
(Bless em all)

(33)

There's an aircraft that's leaving today
Bound for a far distant shore
Heavily laden with browned off young men
Bound for a land they abhor

So we're saying goodbye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all
The long and the short and the tall
Prang all the blonds and the redheaded ones
Prang all the brunettes and their bastard sons
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to the barracks we crawl
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all
The long and the short and the tall
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean version)

(34)

I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore.
I don't want a tour in Korea that's sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, Buster,
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore

-(Cont'd)

I WANTED WINGS (Cont'd)

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
Migs always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no hey-day screaming
"Bogies that-a-way"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
I would rather be home, Buster,
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them anymore

AIR FORCE 806
(Wabash Cannonball)

(35)

Listen to the shudder, the rumble and the roar
I'm flying over Hibbing like I never flew before
Feel the mighty surge of the engine, pipe temp's on the peg
I'd give a million dollars to have it on base leg

Mayday, Duluth tower, this is 806
I'm turning downwind and I'm in a fix
My engine's running on the peg my fire lights are red
You better call the crash crew and get them out of bed

Roger, Roger 806, this is Duluth tower
I cannot call the crash crew, cause this is coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
Take it on around again, we have SAC VIP

Mayday, Duluth tower, won't you answer me
For your information I'm landing on 23
I know I've got a fire in back, I think she's going to blow
I may buy this 102 so look out down below

Mayday, Duluth tower, 806 on base
I cannot get my gear down, they won't come down in place
I'm going to buy this 102 no matter what they say
But I'll never have the form-1 fixed before the judgement day

Greetings Air Force 806, this is judgement day
You're in pilot's heaven and you're here to stay
You just bought a 102 and you bought it well
But the famous Air Force 806 was sent straight down to hell

ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER
(Money rolls in)

(36)

You ought to be dead you old bastard
You ought to be damned well shot
You ought to be tied to the floor of a outhouse
And left there to damned will rot

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say ram it
My ass hole's not made out of wood

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG-YANG
(On Top Of old Smokey)

(37)

On top of old Pyong-Yang
All covered with flack
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never be back

For flying's a pleasure
And dying's a grief
And a quick triggered commie
is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered commie
will send you to your grave

Now the grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not one commie in a thousand
Can a poor pilot trust

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
We will all hear
This horrible sound

Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss

They'll give us a lecture
They'll give us some more
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more

Attention all trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop

On top of old Fuji
All covered with snow
I lost my job pilot
For flying too low

He put on an airshow
He did it for me
At altitude zero
He clobbered a tree

With thröttle wide open
He made his last pass
On top of old Fuji
He busted his ass

" G" Suits AND PARACHUTES
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

(38)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, Her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her and this to her did say
If you have a daughter put ribbon in her hair
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

(14)

There was 97 aircraft parked upon the apron
There wasn't any room you could see
Now the first 96 were of modern construction
And the last was an 86D

The first 47 were reserved for the majors
And the captains had the last 49
There was one more ship at the end of the apron
And the last ship on the line

It was old 97 and her fuselage was rusty
And her wings were warped and bent
She saged in the meddle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content

Now a 2nd lieutenant walked into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
Young man, they said, we're mighty short of aircraft
But we'll see what we can do

It was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
She creaked and she groaned as he started up her engine
For she knew that her end was near

He flew over Duluth and west to Fargo
Till the mist began to fall
Till it settled right down on the tops of the mountain
And he couldn't see a thing at all

He turned to the left and he ran into a snowstorm
So he turned back to the right
When he spotted a railroad running in his direction
And he ended his last long flight

It was old 97 her nose in a mountain
And her wheels were on the track
Her throttle bent in a forwardly direction
And her engine was pointed back

Now listen to me all you Air Force ladies
Listen to this tale of woe
Never speak harsh words to your aviator boyfriend
He may leave you and never come back

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL
(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

(40)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force has gone to hell

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL (Cont'd)

CHORUS: Glory flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force has gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the mighty wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force has gone to hell

I have seen them in their sabres when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their mach one power dives that added to their fame
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell

They flew F-86's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell

Yes, the ancient flying 80 and the fighting sabre too
once ruled the bloody Yalu with their contrails in the blue
But now the sky is empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard their pounding fifties blaze from nose of polished steel
The purring of their sabre was a song your heart could feel
But now the T-bird charms you with it's moaning groaning squeal
And it won't climb for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder and the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force has gone to hell

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK
(Strip Polka)

(41)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the takeoff as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated desk

Four times he's led us up there and he's always led us back
For he circled over the I.P. as we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."
The man behind the armor plated desk

When the target's sighted who inspires our attack?
Who says "Hundreds may go in, lads, but a few aren't coming back."
Who says "We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flack"
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over and debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over but not a pilot you will see
For they'll all be at the "O" club with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

EARLY ABORT

(42)

(McNamarra's Band)

Oh, my name is Col. _____ I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my breifing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the commies fly and where they like to roam
I'll be the last one to take off, The first one to come home.

CHORUS: Early abort avoid the rush
Early abort avoid the rush
Early abort avoid the rush
The _____ on parade

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things that they can do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilot's, they are ready, but let their leader shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My gyros won't check out!"

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s a million miles an hour
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody shower
And we fly so bloody fast, it fills us with alarm
Loose a bloody rivet and you've surely bought the farm

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s at 90,000 feet
We fly them through the rain and fog and through the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're feeling awfully low
Loose the cabin pressure and it'll be an awful blow

And now I'm sure you know of all the leaders in the wing
Any night in the "O" club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a helluva war, they say they want to fly too
But you give them half a chance to fly and here's what they will do

But now there's no war going on and we're all in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say
But if we have another war, and they send us overseas
To hell with all the general staffs, to hell with those S.O.B.s

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(43)

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fixacuss
And they'll call out the goddam reserves

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists all go to Korea
The regulars all stay in Japan

CHORUS:

Call out, call out
Call out the goddam reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, Call out the goddam reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the goddam reservists
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call out the goddam reservists
Whenever the spit hits the fan

Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on
Fight on, fight on
Regular Air Force fight on

THE WIFFENPOOF'S SONG

(66)

From the tables down at Mauries
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes the magic of their singing, and the songs we love so well
"Am I wasting" and "Mayooning" and the rest
We will serenade our Louie, while life and love shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest
We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way
Baa, Baa, Baa
We're little black sheep
Who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentlemen flyers off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Lord, have mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa.

THE AIR FORCE SONG

(67)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At em boys, giver her the gun.
Down we dive spouting our flame from under
Off with one heluva roar
We live in fame or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of men who love the vastness of the sky
To them we send the message of their brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we dive to scare the rainbow's pot of gold
Here's a toast to the host of men who The U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild sky onder
Keep your wings level and true
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue
Fighting men, guarding our nation's borders
WE'll be there followed by more
In echelon we'll carry on
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

RAVISHED

(68)

He grasped me by my slender neck, I could not call or scream
He took me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen
He tore off all my flimsy wraps and gazed upon my form
I was so very cold and damp, and he so hot and warm
He pressed me to his eager lips, I could not make him stop
He drained me of my very life, I gave him my last drop
He made me what I am today, that's why you see me here.
A broken bottle thrown away, that once was full of beer

LAST NIGHT I HELD A LITTLE HAND
(Genevieve)

(73)

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat.
I thought my heart would surely break,
So loudly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring,
Than the hand I held last night...
Four aces and a king.

WEST MICHIGAN STREET
(Isle of Capri)

(74)

'Twas on west Michigan Street that I met her
She was drunk, and her name was Marie
She wispered so no one could hear her,
"Would you like to come upstairs with me?"

Her eyes were as blue as the ocean,
Her lips were of a very deep hue,
I slipped twenty bucks in her pocket,
Took my place at the end of the queue.

T'was only a few minuets later,
That I went to her small room above,
And there for a very brief moment,
I partook of that poplular love.

When I awoke the next morning,
I was worried, as worried as could be,
For that very brief moment of pleasure
Had been, oh, so costly to me.

Now the moral of this little story
Is plain, as maybe you'll see
If you ever go down into Duluth,
Stay away from west Michigan Street

IT'S TRAGIC

(75)

You sigh, your teeth fall out
You smile, and I smell sauerkraut
It's tragic
The birds desert the air
And rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic

IF YOU FLY AN '89'

(76)

If you fly an Eighty-nine,
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind,
For your life ain't worth a dime--
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

If you fly a Ninety-four,
You will never holler more,
For your lot we do pine,
But it's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS: Did you go boom today?
Did you go boom today?
Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks,
Bouncing those subsonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

Final chorus is the same as above but end with : "We fly GEEEEeeee!!

THOSE SWINGING DOORS

(77)

It was a Saturday night on the old Air Force Base,
The barroom was merry and gay
And far from this laughter a mother did wait
For Pop to come home with his pay

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother, oh, where can he be?"
The daughter exclaimed through her tears
The mother replied, "I'm sadly afraid,
Your father has stopped for some beers."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out
While some pass in and others pass out
Your father, I fear, has his nose in some beer,
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors

"Now I shall go fetch him," the daughter did say,
"He shant bring disgrace to our name"
So straightway she went to the Officer's Club
To save her poor father from shame.

"Oh Father, dear Father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two.
The rent's to be paid and I'm sadly afraid,
You'll spend alloo your money for brew."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,
While some pass in and others pass out.
Through the smoke and the haze, there stands Pop in a daze
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors.

Each Saturday night on the old Air Force Base,
The pilots come in with their gold
And Father blows in all his wages for gin,
And Nellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh, Mother," She wailed, "My mission I've failed,
My father will ne'er mend his ways."
The mother replied, "It's always the same,
It's always the woman who pays."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,
While some pass in and others pass out.
The story is told of a fool and his gold,
Behind those swinging doors.....
Behind those swinging doors.

WE FLY DEUCES (Bye-Bye Blackbirds)

(78)

Here we stand down on the ground	No one here can penetrate a bumper
We can't fly when there's clouds around	You should hear the bull spit down air
We fly Deuces	hands us
Go in fast and come out slow,	Mix those drinks and mix em right
Hit a cloud and down we go,	Because we're standing down tonight,
We fly Deuces	Deuces we fly

MY DARLING 102
(My Darling Clementine)

(79)

In the cockpit of my fighter,
Trying hard to go mach two,
But, alas, my engine faltered,
Fare thee well, my 102.

When you're spinning very flatly,
And you've got a worried mind,
That's all, brother, hit the jumpsack,
Bid farewell to your 102.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling 102
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well, my 102

All the brass hats in our congress,
They have signed the dotted line,
They are lucky, they just bought it,
And don't fly the 102.

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

(80)

A 102 got airborne one dark and windy day
And as he raised the landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, till I'm safely on the ground.

CHORUS: Yippi i yoh, Yippi i yay
Jet pilots in the sky

And as our Deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,
Our pilots all may go through hell, but they fly them just the same,
The crew chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fly, to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on in fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,
They cuss and cry, live and die-- jet pilots in the sky.

U.S. CHAIR FORCE SONG
(Air Force Song)

(81)

3rd verse

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Diving deep into the drawer.
Here it is, buried away down under,
The record we've been searching for.
Off we go, into the CO's office,
Where we get one helluva roar.
We live in miles of paper files,
Nothing will stop the U.S. Chair Force.

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Keep the margins level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the glue
Office men, guarding the paper blizzard,
We'll be there, followed by more.
With dictionary, we're stationary--
For nothing can move the U.S. Chair Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who slave
with feet on desks so high.
To a friend we will send a message of
the trials of the swivel-chair guy.
We type and file, and though we have no prop
We're in a spin or else we blow our top.
So, a toast to the host of the men who coast--
The U.S. Chair Force.

